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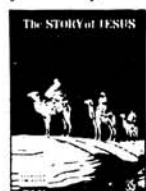
THE LADY OF THE LAKE

SIR WALTER SCOTT



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The LADY of the LAKE

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Illustrated by
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ELLEN

JAMES FITZ-JAMES



Douglas



Margaret



Malcolm



Allan-Bone



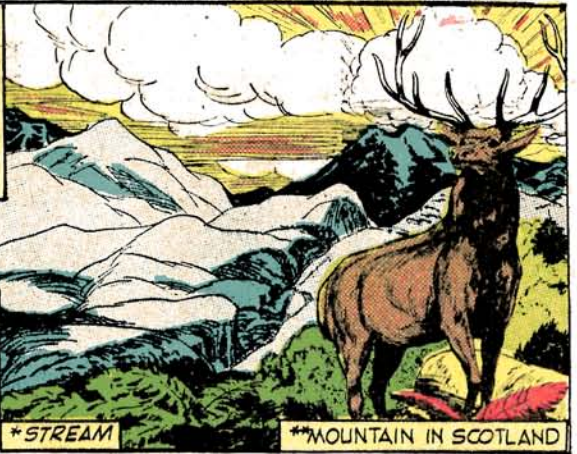
RODERICK DHU

WHO WAS THE MYSTERIOUS HUNTSMAN WHO, WHEN LOST IN THE CRAGGY SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS WAS RESCUED BY HIS ENEMY'S LOVELY DAUGHTER, THE LADY OF THE LAKE? WHY WAS THE TRIBESMEN'S FIERY CROSS CARRIED BY THE KILTED WARRIOR FROM GLEN TO HILLTOP UNTIL THE VALLEYS ECHOED TO THEIR BUGLE CALLS...AND EVERY STONE AND TREE CONCEALED A FIGHTER READY TO DIE IN HIS COUNTRY'S CAUSE?

HERE YOU WILL FIND THE ANSWERS...IN THIS STORY, AS TOLD IN THE MATCHLESS VERSE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

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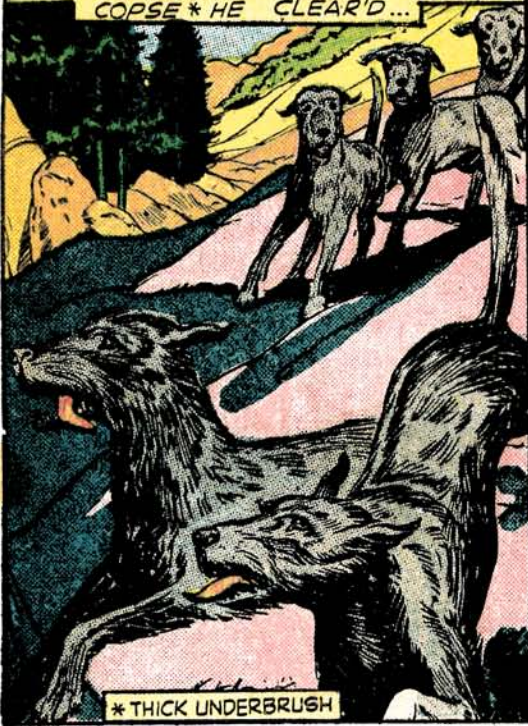
THE STAG AT EVE HAD DRUNK HIS FILL
WHERE DANCED THE MOON ON MONAN'S
RILL *.....
BUT WHEN THE SUN HIS BEACON RED
HAD KINDLED ON BENVORLICH'S *HEAD,
THE DEEP-MOUTH'D BLOODHOUND'S HEAVY
BAY
RESOUNDED UP THE ROCKY WAY.....



*STREAM

**MOUNTAIN IN SCOTLAND

AND FAINT, FROM FARTHER DISTANCE
BORNE,
WERE HEARD THE CLANGING HOOF
AND HORN.
THEN, AS THE FOREMOST FOES AP-
PEAR'D,
WITH ONE BRAVE BOUND THE
COPSE *HE CLEAR'D...



*THICK UNDERBRUSH

YELL'D ON THE VIEW THE OPENING PACK;
ROCK, GLEN AND CAVERN, PAID THEM
BACK;
A HUNDRED DOGS BAY'D DEEP AND
STRONG,
CLATTER'D A HUNDRED STEEDS ALONG,
THEIR PEAL THE MERRY HORNS RUNG
OUT,
A HUNDRED VOICES JOIN'D THE SHOUT;



AS THE DAY GREW HOT, THE STAG
LED THE TIRING HUNTERS UP THE
STEEP SIDE OF UAM-VAR.



THE OTHERS LAG
BEHIND BUT WE
STILL ARE FRESH,
LORD MORAY.

SIR KNIGHT, MY
HORSE AND HOUNDS
ARE ALSO TIRING!

THE LADY OF THE LAKE

THE NOBLE STAG WAS PAUSING NOW,
UPON THE MOUNTAIN'S SOUTHERN BROW,
AND PONDER'D REFUGE FROM HIS TOIL,
BY FAR LOCHARD OR ABERFOYLE.
BUT THE STAG WAS STILL FRESH AND
FULL OF TRICKS.....



FRESH VIGOR WITH THE HOPE
RETURN'D
WITH FLYING FOOT, THE HEATH
HE SPURN'D,
HELD WESTWARD WITH UNWEAR-
IED RACE,
AND LEFT BEHIND THE PANT-
ING CHASE.

COME ON,
LORD MORAY!

YOU RIDE TOO
WELL, SIR KNIGHT!



T WERE LONG TO TELL WHAT STEEDS
GAVE O'ER,
AS SWEEPED THE HUNT THROUGH
CAMBUS-MORE;



MY HORSE IS
NEARLY DONE
FOR!

AH, MY GOOD
GRAY'S STILL
FRESH!

WHAT REINS WERE TIGHT-
EN'D IN DESPAIR,
WHEN ROSE BENLEDI'S*
RIDGE IN AIR;



* MOUNTAIN, N.W. OF CALLANDER

CLASSICS Illustrated

WHO SHUNN'D TO STEM THE FLOODED TEITH,*
FOR TWICE THAT DAY FROM SHORE TO SHORE,
THE GALLANT STAG SWAM STOUTLY O'ER

SIR, MY HORSE
HAS FALLEN!

COME ON!
THE CHASE
IS MERRY
YET!

* RIVER AT CALLANDER,
LOCH KATRINE

THE HUNTER MARK'D THAT MOUNTAIN HIGH,
THE LONE LAKE'S WESTERN BOUNDARY,
AND DEEM'D THE STAG MUST TURN TO BAY..
WHERE THAT HUGE RAMPART BARR'D
THE WAY.

AH, HE TURNS AT
BAY. WE HAVE
HIM NOW!

ALREADY GLORY-
ING IN THE
PRIZE,
MEASURED HIS
ANTLERS WITH
HIS EYES;
BUT THUNDERING
AS HE CAME
PREPARED,
WITH READY ARM
AND WEAPON
BARED,
THE WILY QUARRY
SHUNN'D THE
SHOCK,
AND TURNED HIM
FROM THE OP-
POSING ROCK;



THEN DASHING DOWN A DARKSOME GLEN,
SOON LOST TO HOUND AND HUNTER'S KEN,
IN THE DEEP TROSACH'S* WILDEST NOOK
HIS SOLITARY REFUGE TOOK.
THERE, WHILE CLOSE COUCH'D, THE THICK-
ET SHED
COLD DEWS AND WILD FLOWERS' ON HIS
HEAD,
HE HEARD THE BAFFLED DOGS IN VAIN
RAVE THROUGH THE HOLLOW PASS AMAIN,
CHIDING THE ROCKS THAT YELL'D AGAIN.

OW-OOO,
OW-OOO,
OW-OOO!

* ROUGH TERRITORY NEAR
LOCH LOHMAN

THE LADY OF THE LAKE

CLOSE ON THE HOUNDS THE HUNTER CAME,
TO CHEER THEM ON THE VANISH'D GAME;
BUT, STUMBLING IN THE RUGGED DELL,
THE GALLANT HORSE EXHAUSTED FELL



COME UP,
BOY! UP!
COME UP;
TRY
AGAIN!

BUT THE GOOD STEED HIS LABORS O'ER,
STRETCH'D HIS STIFF LIMBS TO RISE
NO MORE!



I LITTLE THOUGHT, THAT
HIGHLAND EAGLE E'ER
SHOULD FEED ON THY
FLEET LIMBS, MY MATCH-
LESS STEED!

THEN THROUGH THE DELL HIS HORN
RESOUNDS,
FROM VAIN PURSUIT TO CALL THE
HOUNDS.

BACK LIMP'D, WITH SLOW AND
CRIPPLED PACE,
THE SULKY LEADERS OF THE CHASE;
AND ON THE HUNTER HIED HIS WAY,
TO JOIN SOME COMRADES OF THE DAY;
THE WESTERN WAVES OF EBBING DAY
ROLL'D O'ER THE GLEN THEIR LEVEL
WAY...
AND NOW TO ISSUE FROM THE GLEN,
NO PATHWAY MEETS THE WANDERER'S
KEN...



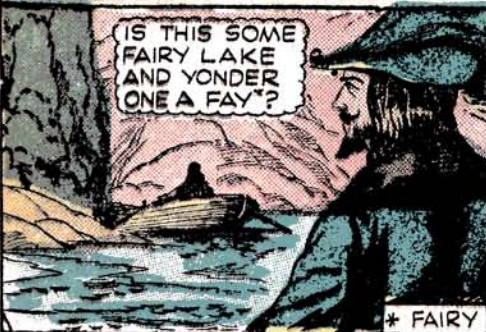
THIS SEEMS TO BE
THE WAY I CAME,
BUT I FIND NONE
OF MY FELLOWS!

THE BROOM'S TOUGH ROOTS HIS LADDER MADE,
THE HAZEL SAPLINGS LENT THEIR AID;
AND THUS, AN AIRY POINT HE WON,
WHERE, GLEAMING WITH THE SETTING SUN,
ONE BURNISH'D SHEET OF LIVING GOLD,
LOCH KATRINE LAY BENEATH HIM ROLL'D...



I AM ALONE; MY
BUGLE STRAIN
MAY CALL SOME
STRAGGLER OF
THE TRAIN.

BUT SCARCE AGAIN HIS HORN HE
WOUND,
WHEN LO! FORTH STARTING AT THE
SOUND...
A DAMSEL GLIDER OF ITS WAY,
A LITTLE SKIFF SHOT TO THE BAY..



IS THIS SOME
FAIRY LAKE
AND YONDER
ONE A FAY?

* FAIRY

THE BOAT HAD TOUCHED THIS SILVER STRAND,
JUST AS THE HUNTER LEFT HIS STAND,
AND STOOD CONCEAL'D AMID THE BRAKE,
TO VIEW THIS LADY OF THE LAKE,
IMPATIENT OF THE SILENT HORN,
NOW ON THE GALE HER VOICE WAS BORNE:



MALCOLM,
WAS THINE
THE BLAST?

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**THE MAID, ALARMED, WITH HASTY OAR
PUSH'D HER LIGHT SHALLOP
FROM THE SHORE...**



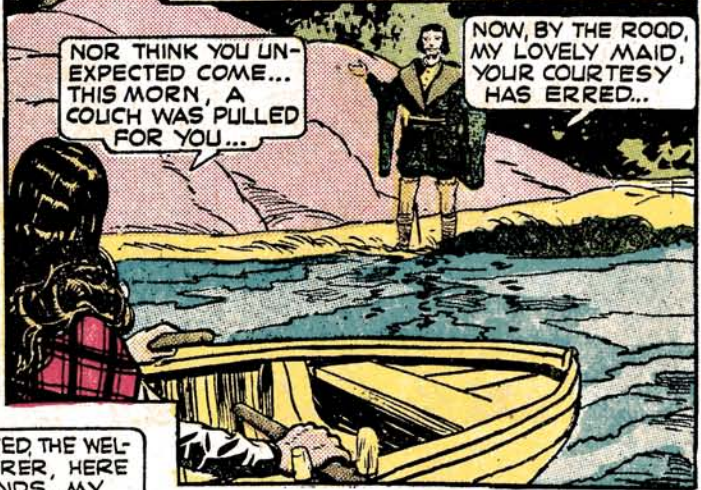
A STRANGER, I.

OH!

NO RIGHT HAVE I TO CLAIM, MISPLACED THE WELCOME OF EXPECTED GUEST. A WANDERER, HERE BY FORTUNE TOST, MY WAY, MY FRIENDS, MY COURSER LOST, I NE'ER BEFORE, BELIEVE ME, FAIR, HAVE EVER DRAWN YOUR MOUNTAIN AIR, TILL ON THIS LAKE'S ROMANTIC STRAND, I FOUND A FAY IN FAIRY LAND.



**WHILE THE MAID THE STRANGER EYED,
AND, REASSURED, AT LENGTH REPLIED,
THAT HIGHLAND HALLS WERE OPEN STILL
TO WILDER'D WANDERERS OF THE HILL.**



NOR THINK YOU UN-EXPECTED COME... THIS MORN, A COLUCH WAS PULLED FOR YOU...

NOW, BY THE ROOD, MY LOVELY MAID, YOUR COURTESY HAS ERRED...

I WILL BELIEVE, THAT NE'ER BEFORE YOUR FOOT HAS TROD LOCH KATRINE'S SHORE; BUT YET, AS FAR AS YESTER-NIGHT, OLD ALLAN-BANE FORETOLD YOUR FLIGHT...



SINCE TO YOUR HOME A DESTINED ERRANT-KNIGHT I COME, PERMIT ME, FIRST, THE TASK TO GUIDE YOUR FAIRY FRIGATE O'ER THE TIDE.



**THE MAID, WITH SMILE SUPPRESS'D AND SLY,
THE TOIL UNWONTED SAW HIM TRY;
FOR SELDOM SURE, IF E'ER BEFORE,
HIS NOBLE HAND HAD GRASP'D AN OAR:
YET WITH MAIN STRENGTH HIS STROKES
HE DREW,
AND O'ER THE LAKE THE SHALLOP FLEW.**

WHO CAN HE BE? HIS HANDS ARE NOT USED TO LABOR, AND YET HE IS SO POWERFUL!



THE LADY OF THE LAKE

THE STRANGER VIEW'D THE SHORE AROUND;
'T WAS ALL SO CLOSE WITH COPSEWOOD
BOUND
NOR TRACK NOR PATHWAY MIGHT DECLARE
THAT HUMAN FOOT FREQUENTED THERE...



UNTIL THE MOUNTAIN-MAIDEN SHOW'D
A CLAMBERING UNSUSPECTED ROAD,
THAT WINDED THROUGH THE TANGLED
SCREEN,
AND OPEN'D ON A NARROW GREEN...



HERE, FOR RETREAT IN DANGEROUS HOUR,
SOME CHIEF HAD FRAMED A RUSTIC
BOWER.
AN INSTANT IN THIS PORCH SHE STAID,
AND GAILY TO THE STRANGER SAID,



ON HEAVEN AND
ON THY LADY
CALL, AND ENTER
THE ENCHANTED
HALL.

MY HOPE, MY
HEAVEN, MY
TRUST MUST
BE, MY GENTLE
GUIDE, IN
FOLLOWING
THEE.

HE CROSS'D THE THRESHOLD-
AND A CLANG
OF ANGRY STEEL THAT INSTANT
RANG.



FOR ALL AROUND THE WALLS TO GRACE,
HUNG TROPHIES OF THE FIGHT OR CHASE.

I NEVER KNEW BUT ONE
WHOSE STALWART ARM
MIGHT BROOK TO WIELD
A BLADE LIKE THIS IN
BATTLEFIELD.

'TIS MY
FATHER'S
SWORD HE
IS AWAY
A-HUNTING
NOW

CAUSE OF THE DIN, A NAKED BLADE
DROPP'D FROM THE SHEATH THAT
CARELESS FLUNG
UPON A STAG'S HUGE ANTLERS
SWUNG.



CLASSICS Illustrated

THE MISTRESS OF THE MANSION CAME,
MATURE OF AGE, A GRACEFUL DAME...



YOUR
MOTHER?

NO--LADY MARGARET.
MY MOTHER'S DEAD.

AT LENGTH HIS RANK THE STRANGER
NAMES...

I AM KNIGHT OF SNOWDOWN, JAMES FITZ-
JAMES, THIS MORNING, WITH LORD MORAYS
TRAIN. I CHASED A STALWART STAG IN
VAIN, OUTSTRIPP'D MY COMRADES, MISSED
THE DEER, LOST MY GOOD STEED AND
WANDER'D HERE.



STRANGER, YOU
ARE WELCOME!

WEIRD WOMEN, WE! BY DALE
AND DOWN, WE DWELL, AFAR
FROM TOWER AND TOWN. WE
STEM THE FLOOD, WE RIDE
THE BLAST, ON WANDERING-
KNIGHTS OUR SPELLS
WE CAST.....

I'D LIKE TO ASK HER
WHO HER FATHER IS,
BUT I THINK I KNOW!



THE HALL WAS CLEAR'D, THE STRANGER'S
BED
WAS THERE OF MOUNTAIN HEATHER
SPREAD,
WHERE OFT A HUNDRED GUESTS HAD
LAIN,
AND DREAM'D THEIR FOREST SPORTS
AGAIN.

THAT NIGHT JAMES FITZ-JAMES DREAMED...

AT LENGTH, WITH ELLEN IN A GROVE
HE SEEMED TO WALK, AND SPEAK
OF LOVE;
HE SOUGHT HER YIELDED HAND
TO CLASP
AND A COLD GAUNTLET MET HIS
GRASP;
THE PHANTOM'S SEX WAS CHANGED
AND GONE,
UPON ITS HEAD A HELMET SHONE!
SLOWLY ENLARGED TO GIANT SIZE,
WITH DARKENED CHEEK AND THREATEN-
ING EYES
THE GRISLY VISAGE, STERN AND
HOAR
TO ELLEN STILL A LIKENESS BORE.



WHOM YOU
EXILED.

THE
DOUGLAS!

THE LADY OF THE LAKE

AH, I WAS DREAMING! BUT NOW I KNOW ... SHE IS THE DOUGLAS' DAUGHTER. HIS HIDE-OUT IS HERE. IF THERE IS WAR HE CAN UNITE ALL CLANS AGAINST THE THRONE!



AND THOUGHTS ON THOUGHTS, A COUNTLESS THROG RUSH'D, CHASING COUNTLESS THOUGHTS ALONG, UNTIL, THE GIDDY WHIRL TO CURE, HE ROSE, AND SOUGHT THE MOONSHINE PURE.

CAN I NOT MOUNTAIN-MAIDEN SPY, BUT SHE MUST BEAR THE DOUGLAS EYE? CAN I NOT VIEW A HIGHLAND BRAND, BUT IT MUST MATCH THE DOUGLAS HAND? CAN I NOT FRAME A FEVERED DREAM, BUT STILL THE DOUGLAS IS THE THEME? I'LL DREAM NO MORE BY MANLY MIND NOT EVEN IN SLEEP I WILL RESIGN'D



MY MIDNIGHT ORISONS* SAID O'ER, I'LL TURN TO REST AND DREAM NO MORE.

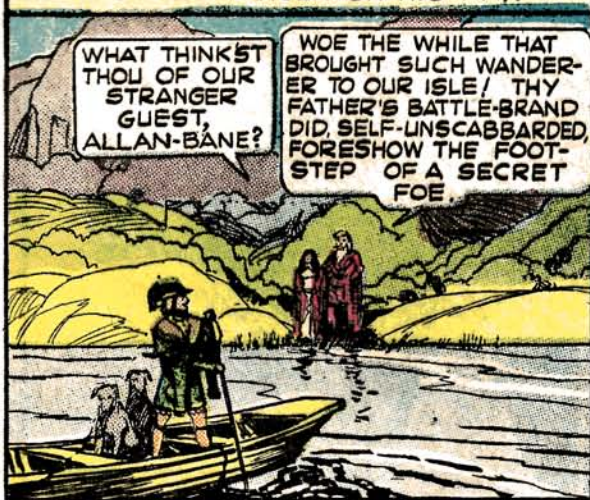


* PRAYERS

AT MORN THE BARK GLIDES DOWN THE BAY, WAFTING THE STRANGER ON HIS WAY.

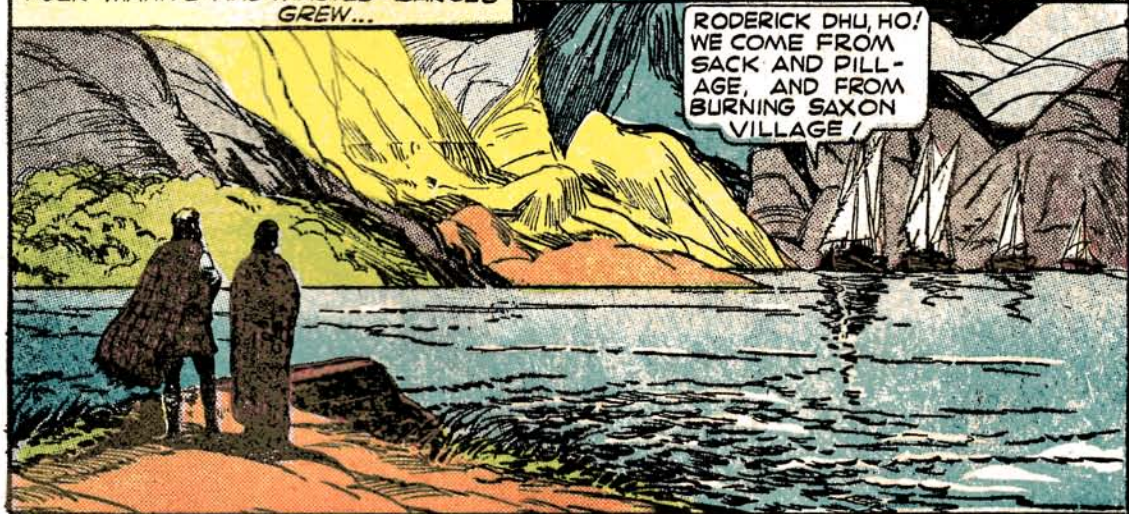
WHAT THINKST THOU OF OUR STRANGER GUEST, ALLAN-BANE?

WOE THE WHILE THAT BROUGHT SUCH WANDERER TO OUR ISLE! THY FATHER'S BATTLE-BRAND DID SELF-UNSCABBARDED, FORESHOW THE FOOT-STEP OF A SECRET FOE.



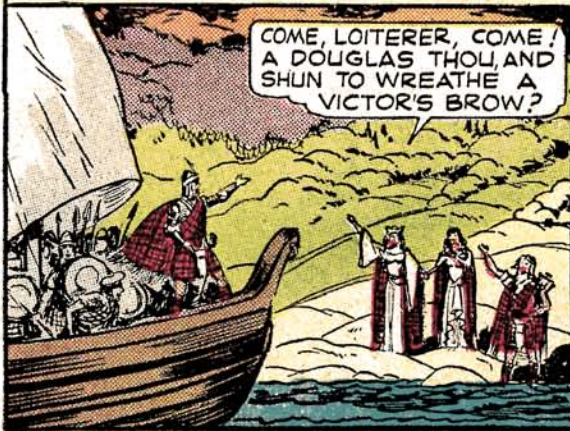
FAR UP THE LENGTHEN'D LAKE WERE SPIED FOUR DARKENING SPECKS UPON THE TIDE. THAT, SLOW ENLARGING ON THE VIEW, FOUR MANN'D AND MASTED BARGES GREW...

RODERICK DHU, HO! WE COME FROM SACK AND PILLAGE, AND FROM BURNING SAXON VILLAGE!



CLASSICS Illustrated

**THE DAME CALLED ELLEN TO THE STRAND
TO GREET HER KINSMAN ERE HE LAND.**



COME, LOITERER, COME!
A DOUGLAS THOU, AND
SHUN TO WREATH A
VICTOR'S BROW?

THE DOUGLAS AND MALCOLM GRAEME...

OH, MY SIRE! WHY URGE.
THY CHASE SO FAR AS-
TRAY? AND WHY SO
LATE RETURN'D?

MY CHILD, THE CHASE
I FOLLOW FAR, 'TIS
MIMICRY OF NOBLE
WAR...



**RELUCTANTLY AND SLOW, THE MAID
THE UNWELCOME SUMMONING OBEY'D
AND, WHEN A DISTANT BUGLE RUNG,
IN THE MID-PATH ASIDE SHE SPRUNG...**



LIST, ALLAN-BANE! FROM
MAINLAND CAST I HEAR
MY FATHER'S SIGNAL
BLAST. BE OURS THE
SKIFF TO GUIDE AND
WAFT HIM FROM THE
MOUNTAINSIDE.

**SIR RODERICK, WHO TO MEET THEM CAME,
REDDEN'D AT SIGHT OF MALCOLM GRAEME.**

ELLEN--WHY, MY COUSIN,
TURN AWAY THINE EYE?
AND GRAEME, IN WHOM
I HOPE TO KNOW A
NOBLE FRIEND OR
FOE...

THIS YOUTH, THOUGH
STILL A ROYAL WARD,
RISKED LIFE AND
LAND TO BE MY GUARD.



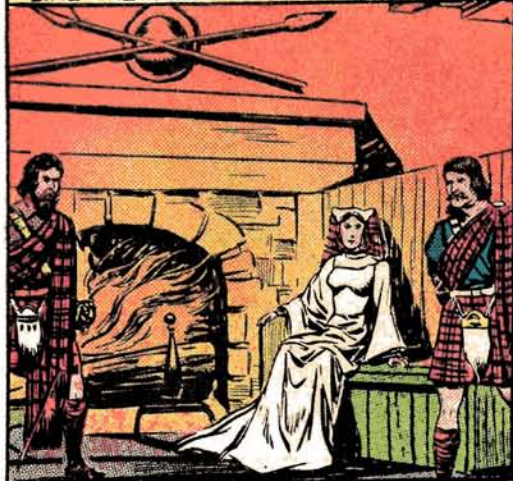
GRANT ME THIS MAID TO WIFE,
THY COUNSEL TO MINE AID;
FRIENDS AND ALLIES WILL
FLOCK ANEW TO DOUGLAS
JOINED WITH RODERICK DHU.
AND WHEN I LIGHT THE NUPTIAL
TORCH, A THOUSAND VILLAGES
IN FLAMES SHALL SCARE
THE SLUMBERS OF
KING JAMES!

RODERICK, ENOUGH! ENOUGH! MY
DAUGHTER CANNOT BE THY BRIDE.
AGAINST HIS SOVEREIGN, DOUGLAS
NE'ER WILL LEVEL A REBELLIOUS
SPEAR. 'T WAS I THAT TAUGHT
HIS YOUTHFUL HAND TO REIN
A STEED AND WIELD A BRAND.
I LOVE HIM STILL, DESPITE
MY WRONGS, BY HASTY WRATH
AND SLANDEROUS TONGUES.



THE LADY OF THE LAKE

TWICE THROUGH THE HALL THE
CHIEFTAIN STRODE;
THE WAVING OF HIS TARTANS BROAD,
AND DARKEN'D BROW, WHERE
WOUNDED PRIDE
WITH IRE AND DISAPPOINTMENT VIED
SEEMED, BY THE TORCH'S GLOOMY LIGHT,
LIKE THE ILL DEMON OF THE NIGHT.



THEN RODERICK FROM THE DOUGLAS
BROKE,
AS FLASHES FLAME THROUGH SABLE
SMOKE.



BACK, BEARDLESS BOY!
HOLD 'ST THOU THUS AT
NAUGHT THE LESSON I
SO LATELY TAUGHT?

THUS AS THEY STROVE, THEIR
DESPERATE HAND
GRIPED TO THE DAGGER OR
THE BRAND,
AND DEATH HAD BEEN --BUT
DOUGLAS ROSE,
AND THRUST BETWEEN THE
STRUGGLING FOES
HIS GIANT STRENGTH...



AT LENGTH THE HAND OF DOUGLAS WRING,
WHILE EYES THAT MOCK'D AT TEARS BEFORE,
WITH BITTER DROPS WERE RUNNING O'ER.

O DOUGLAS,
DOUGLAS!
MY UNCLE!



EAGER AS GREYHOUND ON HIS GAME,
FIERCELY WITH RODERICK, GRAPPLED GRAEME



PERISH MY NAME IF
AUGHT AFFORD ITS
CHIEFTAIN
SAFETY
SAVE HIS
SWORD

CHIEFTANS, FOREGO!
I HOLD THE FIRST
WHO STRIKES MY
FOE!



THEN RODERICK PLUNGED IN SHEATH HIS SWORD,
AND VEILED HIS WRATH IN SCORNFUL WORD:

CLASSICS Illustrated

REST SAFE TILL MORNING; PITY 'TWERE
SUCH CHEER SHOULD FEEL THE MIDNIGHT AIR!
THEN MAYEST THOU TO JAMES STEWART TELL,
RODERICK WILL KEEP THE LAKE AND FELL.
MORE WOULD HE OF CLAN-ALPINE KNOW,
THOU CANST OUR STRENGTH AND PASSES SHOW.



MALISE, IN THE MORNING
GIVE SAFE CONDUCT TO
THE GRAEME UNTIL HE IS
BEYOND OUR BORDERS.



NEVER FEAR... I'LL GIVE
NONE OF YOUR SECRETS
AWAY AS LONG AS THIS
ANGEL IS AMONG YOU!

OLD ALLAN FOLLOWED TO THE STRAND,
SUCH WAS THE DOUGLAS'S COMMAND..



FAREWELL TO THEE, GOOD
FRIEND! TELL Roderick DHU
I OWE HIM NOUGHT... NOT THE
POOR SERVICE OF A BOAT TO
WALT ME TO YON MOUNTAIN-
SIDE.

THEN PLUNGED HE IN THE FLASHING TIDE.

HE GIRT HIS LOINS, AND CAME TO SHOW
THE SIGNALS OF IMPENDING WOE...
AND NOW STOOD PROMPT TO BLESS OR BAN,
AS BADE THE CHIEFTAIN OF THE CLAN...



SACRIFICE A
GOAT, THE
PATRIARCH OF
THE FLOCK.

MEANWHILE - THE HERMIT BRIAN, THE SOOTH-
SAYER * HAD STRANGE DREAMS:
OF CHARGING STEEDS, CAREERING FAST ALONG
BENHARROW'S SHINGLY SIDE,
WHERE MORTAL HORSEMEN NE'ER MIGHT
RIDE;
THE THUNDERBOLT HAD SPLIT THE PINE,
ALL AUGUR'D ILL TO ALPINE'S LINE...



*PROPHET OF
THE FUTURE.

THE GRISLY PRIEST, WITH MURMLING PRAYER
A SLENDER CROSSLET FORM'D WITH CARE...



WOE TO THE ALPINE
CLANSMAN WHO
SHALL VIEW THIS
SYMBOL AND BE A
DESERTER OF HIS
CHIEFTAIN'S TRUST.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE



SPEED, MALISE, SPEED!
THE MUSTER PLACE
IS LANRICK MEAD.*

*GATHERING PLACE FOR
CLAN ALPINE WARRIORS

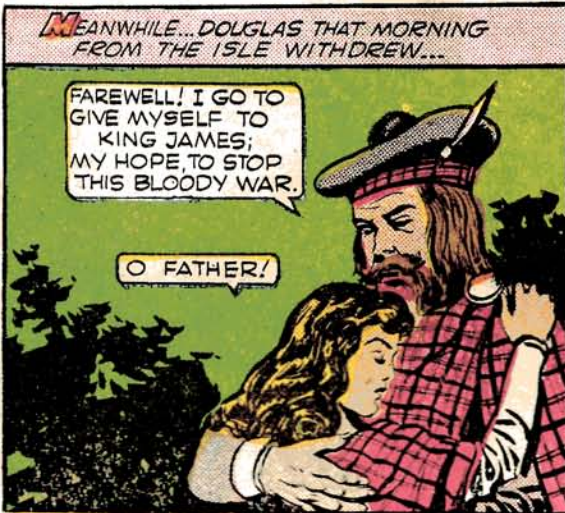
OVER DALE AND HILL THE SUMMONS FLEW,
NO REST NOR PAUSE YOUNG MALISE KNEW.



THE MUSTER PLACE
IS LANRICK MEAD!
SPEED FORTH
THE SIGNAL!
NORMAN, SPEED!

MUST I BE
WIDOWED ON
MY NUPTIAL
DAY?

BOLD ROD-
ERICK CALLS
THE CLAN TO
WAR!



MEANWHILE... DOUGLAS THAT MORNING
FROM THE ISLE WITHDREW...

FAREWELL! I GO TO
GIVE MYSELF TO
KING JAMES;
MY HOPE, TO STOP
THIS BLOODY WAR.

O FATHER!



LATER AT LANRICK MEAD...

WHY WALKS THE
CHIEF ALONE?

'TIS SAID HIS PASSION
FOR THE DOUGLAS MAID
HAS PUT HIM IN THIS
MOOD FOR WAR.



MONK, WHAT PROPHECY
MAKE YOU OF THE
COMING BATTLE?

HE WHO SPILLS THE
CHIEF FOEMAN'S LIFE,
HIS PARTY WILL CON-
QUER IN THE STRIFE.



CLAN-ALPINE NEER IN BATTLE STOOD,
BUT FIRST OUR BROADSWORDS TASTED
BLOOD.

BUT SEE WHO COMES HIS NEWS TO SHOW,
MALISE, WHAT TIDINGS OF THE ROE?

CLASSICS Illustrated

TWO ARMIES OF THE FOE ARE ON THE MARCH; THE LEADER OF THE FOE IS IN OUR MIDST!

WHAT! MURDOCH YOU KNOW YOUR WORK. SPY OUT THIS LEADER AND BRING HIM HERE.

IF MURDOCH LIVES, IT WILL BE DONE!



MURDOCH SOON CAME TO FITZ-JAMES'S SIDE AND WAS BY HIM TAKEN AS A GUIDE...

I SEEK A MAIDEN FAIR --- THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

UP THIS GLADE SHE KEEPS WITHIN A FAIRY BOWER.



JUST AS THE MINSTREL SOUNDS WERE STAD A STRANGER CLIMB'D THE STEEPY GLADE. ELLEN BEHELD AS IN A DREAM, THEN, STARTING, SCARCE SUPPRESS'D A SCREAM:

OH, STRANGER -- IN SUCH AN HOUR OF FEAR, WHAT EVIL HAP HAS BROUGHT THEE HERE?

AN EVIL HAP HOW CAN IT BE, THAT BIDS ME LOOK AGAIN ON THEE?



O HASTE THEE, ALLAN, TO THE KERN, YONDER HIS TARTANS I DISCERN, LEARN THOU HIS PURPOSE, AND CONJURE THAT HE WILL GUIDE THE STRANGER SURE.



WHAT PROMPTED THEE, UNHAPPY MAN? THE MEANEST SERF IN RODERICK'S CLAN HAD NOT BEEN BRIBED, BY LOVE OR FEAR, UNKNOWN TO HIM TO GUIDE THEE HERE.

SWEET ELLEN, I COME TO BEAR THEE FROM A WILD WHERE NE'ER BEFORE SUCH BLOSSOM SMILED...



NEAR BOCHASTLE MY HORSES WAIT; THEY BEAR US SOON TO STIRLING* GATE.

FITZ-JAMES, THERE IS A NOBLE YOUTH ... EXPOSED FOR ME AND MINE TO DREAD EXTREMITY --- THOU HAST THE SECRET OF MY HEART; FORGIVE, BE GENEROUS, AND DEPART!



* RESIDENCE OF THE KING

THE LADY OF THE LAKE

HEAR, LADY... YET A PARTING WORD! IT CHANCED IN FIGHT THAT MY POOR SWORD PRESERVED THE LIFE OF SCOTLAND'S LORD. THIS RING- THE GRATEFUL MONARCH GAVE... SEEK THOU THE KING WITHOUT DELAY, THIS SIGNET SHALL SECURE THY WAY, AND CLAIM THY SUIT, WHATE'ER IT BE, AS RANSOM OF HIS PLEDGE TO ME.



HE JOINED HIS GUIDE, AND WENDING DOWN THE RIDGES OF THE MOUNTAIN BROWN, ACROSS THE STREAM THEY TOOK THEIR WAY...



ALL IN THE TROSACH'S GLEN WAS STILL, NOONTIDE WAS SLEEPING ON THE HILL; SUDDEN HIS GUIDE WHOOP'D LOUD AND HIGH.....

I SHOUT TO SCARE YON RAVEN FROM HIS DAINTY FARE.

MURDOCK, MOVE FIRST -- BUT SILENTLY; WHISTLE OR WHOOP AND THOU SHALT DIE!



JEALOUS AND SULLEN ON THEY FARED, EACH SILENT, EACH UPON HIS GUARD. NOW WOUND THE PATH ITS DIZZY LEDGE AROUND A PRECIPICE'S EDGE, WHEN LO! A WASTED FEMALE FORM...

HIGHLAND PLAID AWAY, AWAY! I LOVE THE LOWLAND GARB!



TWAS THUS MY HAIR THEY BADE ME BRAID, THEY MADE ME TO THE CHURCH REPAIR; IT WAS MY BRIDAL MORN, THEY SAID, AND MY TRUE LOVE WOULD MEET ME THERE.

WHO IS THIS MAID? WHAT MEANS HER SONG?

BLANCHE OF DEVAN... T'AEN ON THE MORN SHE WAS A BRIDE, WHEN RODERICK FORAY'D DEVAN-SIDE. THE GAY BRIDEGROOM RESISTANCE MADE AND FELT OUR CHIEF'S UNCONQUER'D BLADE.



NOW, IF THOU STRIKEST HER BUT ONE BLOW, I'LL PITCH THEE FROM THE CLIFF AS FAR AS EVER PEASANT PITCH'D A BAR.



FORTH AT FULL SPEED THE CLANSMAN FLEW, BUT IN HIS RACE HIS BOW HE DREW. THE SHAFT JUST GRAZED FITZ-JAMES' CREST, AND THRILL'D IN BLANCHE'S FADED BREAST.

DISCLOSE THY TREACHERY OR DIE!

I'M MURDOCH OF ALPINE, TRUE TO RODERICK DHU!



O, BY THY KNIGHTHOOD'S HONOR'D SIGN, AND FOR THY LIFE PRESERVED BY MINE, WHEN THOU SHALT SEE A DARKSOME MAN, WHO BOASTS HIM CHIEF OF ALPINE'S CLAN, BE THY HEART BOLD, THY WEAPON STRONG, AND WREAK POOR BLANCHE OF DEVAN'S WRONG! THEY WATCH FOR THEE BY PASS AND FELL AVOID THE PATH..... O GOD... FAREWELL!



BLANCHE THEN SANG A SONG SO FAIR FOR FITZ-JAMES OF TREACHERY TO BEWARE.....



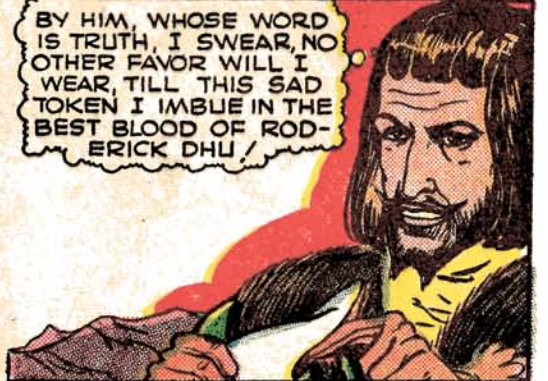
FITZ-JAMES' MIND WAS PASSION-TOSS'D, WHEN ELLEN'S HINTS AND FEARS WERE LOST, BUT MURDOCH'S SHOUT SUSPICION WROUGHT, AND BLANCHE'S SONG CONVICTION BROUGHT.

RESISTLESS SPEEDS THE DEADLY THRUST, AS LIGHTNING STRIKES THE PINE TO DUST, WITH FOOT AND HAND FITZ-JAMES MUST STRAIN, ERE HE CAN WIN HIS BLADE AGAIN.

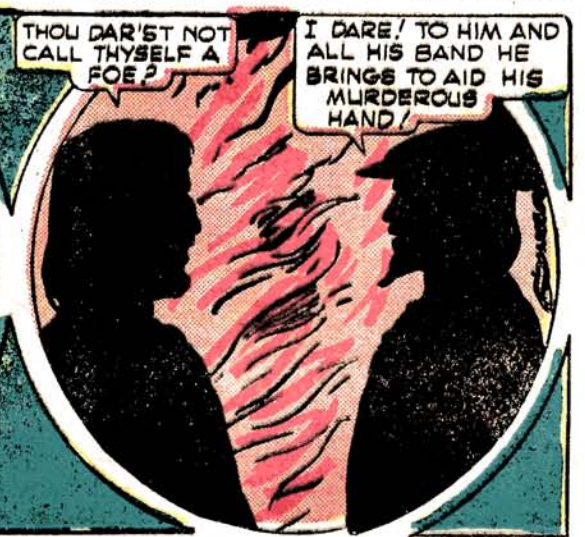


A LOCK FROM BLANCHE'S TRESSES FAIR IN BLOOD HE DYED, AND PLACED IT ON HIS BONNET SIDE.

BY HIM, WHOSE WORD IS TRUTH, I SWEAR, NO OTHER FAVOR WILL I WEAR, TILL THIS SAD TOKEN I IMBUE IN THE BEST BLOOD OF RODERICK DHU!



THE LADY OF THE LAKE



CLASSICS Illustrated

BOLD WORDS!
... YET SURE
THEY LIE, WHO
SAY THOU
CAMEST A
SECRET SPY!

THEY DO, BY HEAVEN!
COME RODERICK DHU,
AND OF HIS CLAN THE
BOLDEST TWO, AND LET
ME BUT TILL MORNING
REST. I WRITE THE
FALSEHOOD ON THEIR
CREST.



IF BY THE BLAZE I
MARK ARIGHT, THOU
BEAR'ST THE BELT
AND SPUR OF
KNIGHT.

THEN BY THESE
TOKENS MAYEST
THOU KNOW EACH
PROUD OPPRES-
SOR'S MORTAL
FOE.



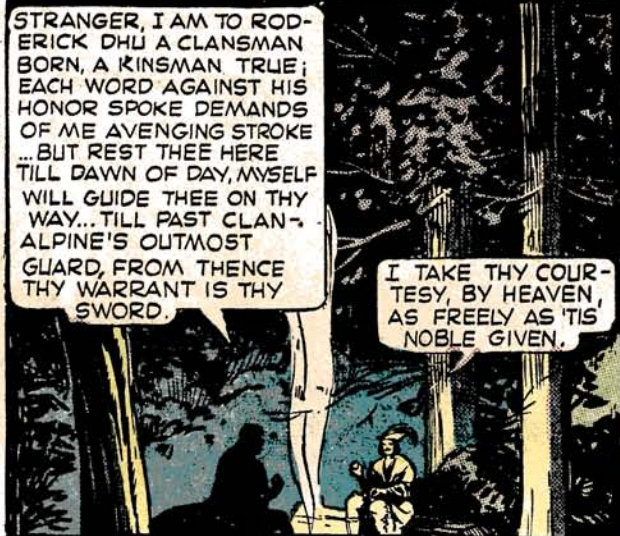
ENOUGH, ENOUGH; SIT DOWN
AND SHARE A SOLDIER'S
COUCH, A SOLDIER'S FARE.



HE GAVE HIM OF HIS HIGHLAND CHEER,
THE HARDEN'D FLESH OF MOUNTAIN DEER...

STRANGER, I AM TO ROD-
ERICK DHU A CLANSMAN
BORN, A KINSMAN TRUE;
EACH WORD AGAINST HIS
HONOR SPOKE DEMANDS
OF ME AVENGING STROKE
... BUT REST THEE HERE
TILL DAWN OF DAY, MYSELF
WILL GUIDE THEE ON THY
WAY... TILL PAST CLAN-
ALPINE'S OUTMOST
GUARD, FROM THENCE
THY WARRANT IS THY
SWORD.

I TAKE THY COUR-
TESY, BY HEAVEN,
AS FREELY AS 'TIS
NOBLE GIVEN.



AND THE BRAVE FOEMEN, SIDE
BY SIDE,
LAY PEACEFUL DOWN LIKE
BROTHERS TRIED...



AND, TRUE TO PROMISE, RODERICK LED THE WAY,
BY THICKET GREEN AND MOUNTAIN GRAY.
A WILDERING PATH... THEY WINDED NOW
ALONG THE PRECIPICE'S BROW.....

BY WHAT STRANGE CAUSE
SOUGHT YOU THESE WILDS,
TRAVERSED BY FEW WITHOUT
A PASS FROM RODERICK
DHU?

BRAVE GAEL,
MY PASS IN
DANGER TRIED,
HANGS IN MY
BELT AND BY
MY SIDE.



THE LADY OF THE LAKE

I DREAMT NOT NOW TO CLAIM ITS AID.
WHEN HERE, BUT THREE DAYS SINCE I
CAME, BEWILDER'D IN PURSUIT OF GAME,
ALL SEEM'D AS PEACEFUL AND AS STILL,
AS THE MIST SLUMBERING ON YON HILL



HEARD YE NOT OF LOWLAND
WAR AGAINST CLAN-ALPINE?



NO, BY MY WORD, BUT WHEN THEY
HEAR THIS MUSTER OF THE MOUNTAIN-
EER, THEIR BANNERS WILL ABROAD
BE FLUNG!

SINCE YOU COME IN
SEARCH OF GAME, WHY
THE BOLD BOAST BY
WHICH YOU SHOW ROD-
ERICK DHU'S VOWED
AND MORTAL FOE?



WARRIOR, BUT YESTER-MORN, I KNEW
NOTHING OF THY CHIEFTAIN RODERICK
DHU, SAVE AS AN OUTLAW'D DESPERATE
MAN, THE CHIEF OF A REBELLIOUS CLAN
WHO, IN THE REGENT'S COURT AND
SIGHT, WITH RUFFIAN DAGGER STABB'D
A KNIGHT!

WROTHFUL AT SUCH ARRAIGNMENT FOUL,
DARK LOWER'D THE CLANSMAN'S SABLE
SCOWL.....



AND HEARD'ST THOU WHY HE
DREW HIS BLADE?
HEARD'ST THOU THAT SHAMEFUL
WORD AND BLOW
BROUGHT RODERICK'S
VENGEANCE ON HIS FOE?

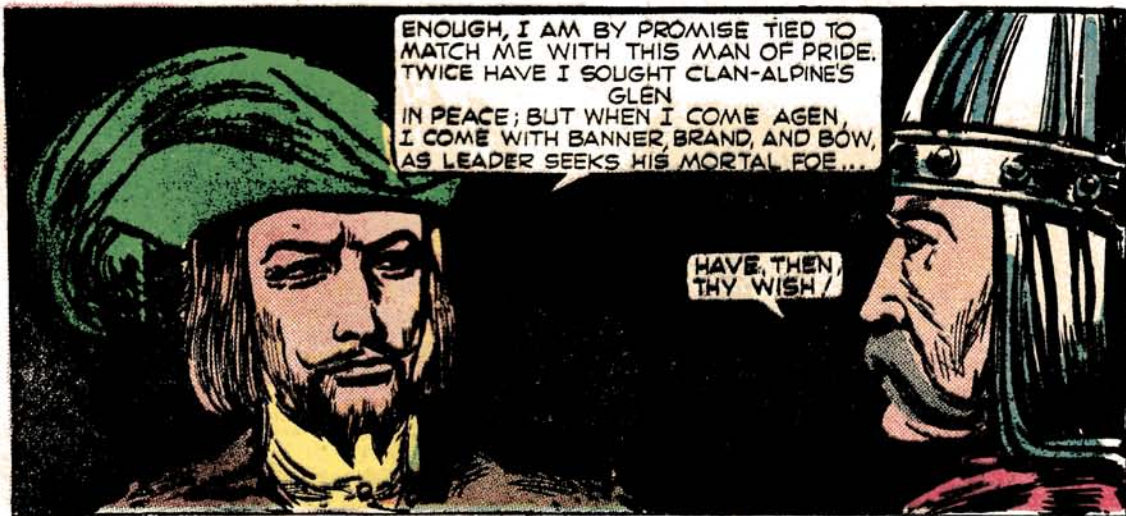


SAXON, FROM YONDER MOUNTAIN HIGH,
I MARK'D THEE SEND DELIGHTED EYE,
THESE FERTILE PLAINS, THAT SOFTEN'D VALE,
WERE ONCE THE BIRTHRIGHT OF THE GAEL,
THE STRANGER CAME WITH IRON HAND
AND FROM OUR FATHERS REFT THE LAND,
THE GAEL OF PLAIN AND RIVER HEIR,
SHALL, WITH STRONG HAND, REDEEM HIS SHARE.
IS AUGHT BUT RETRIBUTION TRUE?
SEEK OTHER CAUSE 'GAINST RODERICK DHU.



ENOUGH, I AM BY PROMISE TIED TO
MATCH ME WITH THIS MAN OF PRIDE.
TWICE HAVE I SOUGHT CLAN-ALPINE'S
GLEN
IN PEACE; BUT WHEN I COME AGEN,
I COME WITH BANNER, BRAND, AND BOW,
AS LEADER SEEKS HIS MORTAL FOE...

HAVE, THEN,
THY WISH!



THE LADY OF THE LAKE

HE WHISTLED SHRILL,
AND HE WAS ANSWER'D FROM THE HILL,
FROM CRAG TO CRAG THE SIGNAL FLEW,
INSTANT, THROUGH CORSE AND HEATH, AROSE
BONNETS AND SPEARS AND BENDED BOWS;



HOW SAY'ST THOU NOW?
THESE ARE CLAN-ALPINE'S
WARRIORS TRUE; AND,
SAXON,
I AM RODERICK DHU!

FITZ-JAMES WAS BRAVE; THOUGH TO HIS HEART
THE LIFE-BLOOD THRILL'D WITH SUDDEN START,
HIS BACK AGAINST A ROCK HE BORE,
AND FIRMLY PLACED HIS FOOT BEFORE!

COME ONE, COME ALL!
THIS ROCK SHALL FLY
FROM ITS FIRM BASE AS
SOON AS I,



SIR RODERICK MARK'D, AND IN
HIS EYES
RESPECT WAS MINGLED WITH
SURPRISE,
AND THE STERN JOY WHICH
WARRIORS FEEL
IN FOEMEN WORTHY OF THEIR
STEEL.
SHORT SPACE HE STOOD, THEN
WAVED HIS HAND.



EACH WARRIOR VANISH'D WHERE HE STOOD,
IN BROOM OR BRACKEN* HEATH OR WOOD.



BOLD SAXON, TO HIS
PROMISE JUST VICH-
ALPINE HAS DISCHARGED
HIS TRUST. THIS MUR-
DEROUS CHIEF THIS
RUTHLESS MAN, THIS
HEAD OF A REBELLIOUS
CLAN, HATH LED THEE
SAFE, THROUGH WATCH
AND WARD, FAR PAST
CLAN-ALPINE'S OUT-
MOST GUARD. NOW MAN
TO MAN AND STEEL TO
STEEL, A CHIEFTAIN'S
VENGEANCE THOU
SHALT FEEL.

* LARGE FERN

CLASSICS Illustrated

THE SAXON PAUSED...

I NE'ER DELAY'D,
WHEN FOEMAN BADE
ME DRAW MY BLADE;
NAY, MORE, BRAVE
CHIEF, I VOWED THY
DEATH; YET SURE THY
FAIR AND GENEROUS
FAITH, AND MY DEEP
DEBT FOR LIFE PRE-
SERVED, A BETTER
MEED HAVE WELL DE-
SERVED. CAN NOUGHT
BUT BLOOD OUR FEUD
ATONE? ARE THERE
NO MEANS?

NO, STRANGER, NONE!
THE SAXON CAUSE
RESTS ON THY
STEEL; FOR THUS
SPOKE FATE BY
PROPHET BRED.....
'WHO SPILLS THE
FOREMOST FOEMAN'S
LIFE, HIS PARTY CON-
QUERS IN THE STRIFE.'



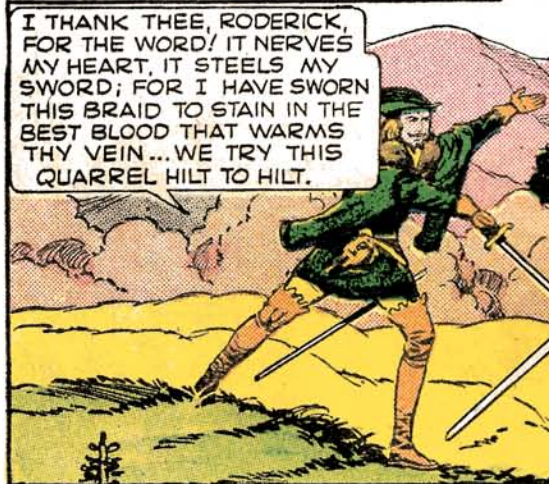
THE RIDDLE IS ALREADY READ. SEEK
YONDER BRAKE BENEATH THE CLIFF..
THERE LIES RED MURDOCH STARK
AND STIFF. THUS FATE HAS SOLVED
HER PROPHECY; THEN YIELD TO FATE
AND NOT TO ME!

SOARS THY PRESUMPTION,
THEN, SO HIGH, BECAUSE
A WRETCHED KERN* YOU
SLEW... I HOLD THY VALOR
LIGHT AS THAT OF SOME
VAIN CARPET KNIGHT...
WHOSE BEST BOAST IS
BUT TO WEAR A BRAID
OF HIS FAIR LADY'S HAIR.



* SLAVE

I THANK THEE, RODERICK,
FOR THE WORD! IT NERVES
MY HEART, IT STEELS MY
SWORD; FOR I HAVE SWORN
THIS BRAID TO STAIN IN THE
BEST BLOOD THAT WARMS
THY VEIN... WE TRY THIS
QUARREL HILT TO HILT.



TRAIN'D ABROAD HIS ARMS TO WIELD,
FITZ-JAMES' BLADE WAS SWORD AND SHIELD.
HE PRACTISED EVERY PASS AND WARD,
TO THRUST, TO STRIKE, TO FEINT, TO GUARD;
WHILE LESS EXPERT, THOUGH STRONGER FAR,
THE GAEL MAINTAINED UNEQUAL WAR.



THREE TIMES IN CLOSING STRIFE THEY
STOOD,
AND THRICE THE SAXON BLADE DRANK
BLOOD...
TILL, AT ADVANTAGE TA'EN, HIS BRAND
FORCED RODERICK'S WEAPON FROM
HIS HAND..



NOW, YIELD THEE, OR BY
HIM WHO MADE THE
WORLD, THY HEART'S
BLOOD DYES MY
BLADE!



THE LADY OF THE LAKE

LIKE ADDER DARTING FROM HIS COIL,
LIKE WOLF THAT DASHES THROUGH THE TOIL,
LIKE MOUNTAIN-CAT WHO GUARDS HER
YOUNG,
FULL AT FITZ-JAMES' THROAT, HE SPRUNG.



THEN GLEAMED ALOFT HIS DAGGER
BRIGHT...

UNWOUNDED FROM THE DREADFUL
CLOSE,
BUT BREATHLESS ALL, FITZ-JAMES
AROSE.
IN RODERICK'S GORE HE DIPT THE
BRAID...

POOR BLANCHE!
THY WRONGS ARE
DEARLY PAID.....

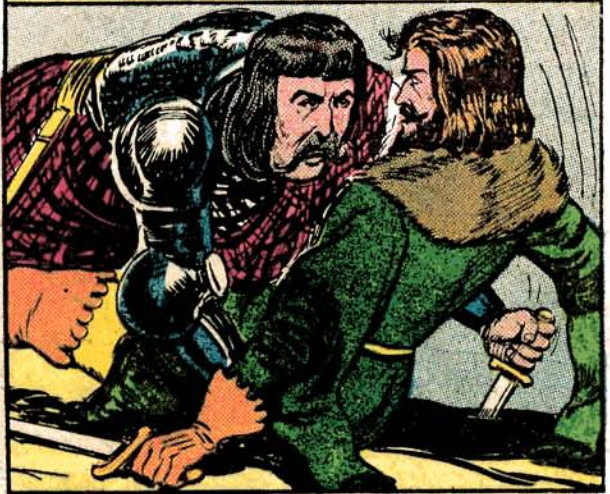


THE DOUGLAS, WHO HAD BENT HIS WAY
FROM CAMBUS-KENNETH'S ABBEY GRAY
NOW, AS HE CLIMB'D THE ROCKY SHELF,
HELD SAD COMMUNION WITH HIMSELF.

YES! ALL IS TRUE MY FEARS COULD
FRAME; A PRISONER LIES THE NOBLE
GRAEME, AND FIERY RODERICK SOON
WILL FEEL THE VENGEANCE OF THE
ROYAL STEEL. I, ONLY I, CAN WARD
THEIR FATE... GOD GRANT THE RAN-
SOM COME NOT LATE.



DOWN CAME THE BLOW! BUT IN THE HEATH
THE ERRING BLADE FOUND BLOODLESS SHEATH.
THE STRUGGLING FOE MAY NOW UNCLASP
THE FAINTING CHIEF'S RELAXING GRASP



HE BLEW A BUGLE NOTE, AND NOW IS SEEN
FOUR MOUNTED SQUIRES IN LINCOLN GREEN...

EXCLAIM NOT! QUESTION NOT...
BIND THE WOUNDS OF YONDER
KNIGHT; AND BRING HIM ON TO
STIRLING STRAIGHT.

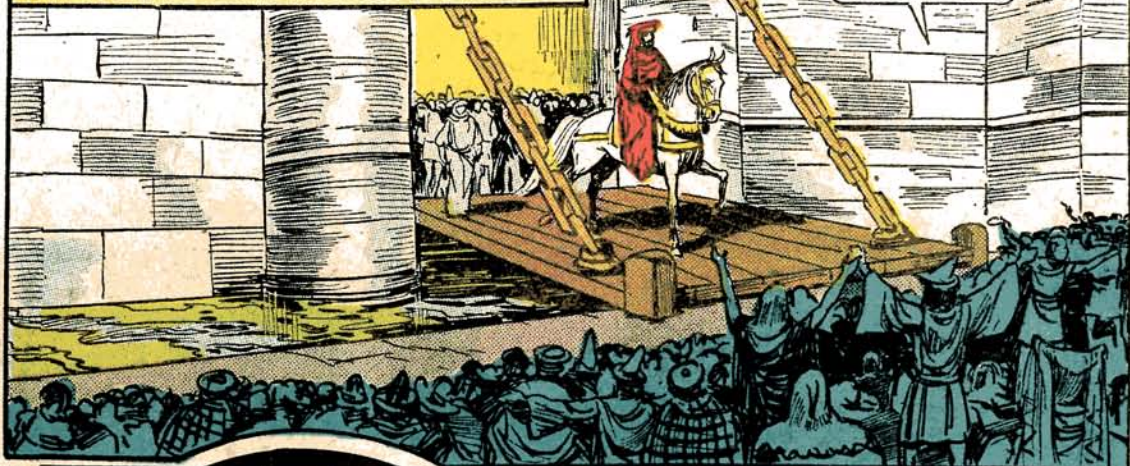


I GUESS, BY ALL THIS QUAIN'T ARRAY
THE BURGHERS HOLD THEIR SPORTS
TODAY... I'LL FOLLOW TO THE CASTLE-
PARK, AND PLAY MY PRIZE; KING
JAMES SHALL MARK, IF AGE HAS
TAMED THESE SINEWS STARK,
WHOSE FORCE SO OFT, IN
HAPPIER DAYS, HIS BOYISH
WONDER LOVED TO PRAISE.



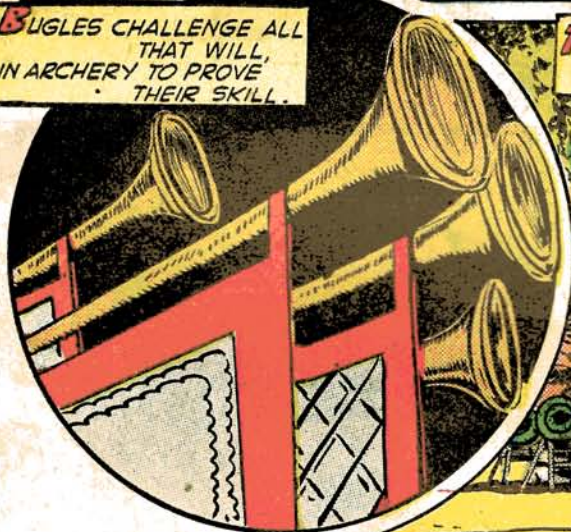
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THE CASTLE GATES WERE OPEN FLUNG,
THE QUIVERING DRAWBRIDGE ROCK'D AND RUNG,
AND SLOWLY DOWN THE DEEP DESCENT
FAIR SCOTLAND'S KING AND NOBLES WENT...



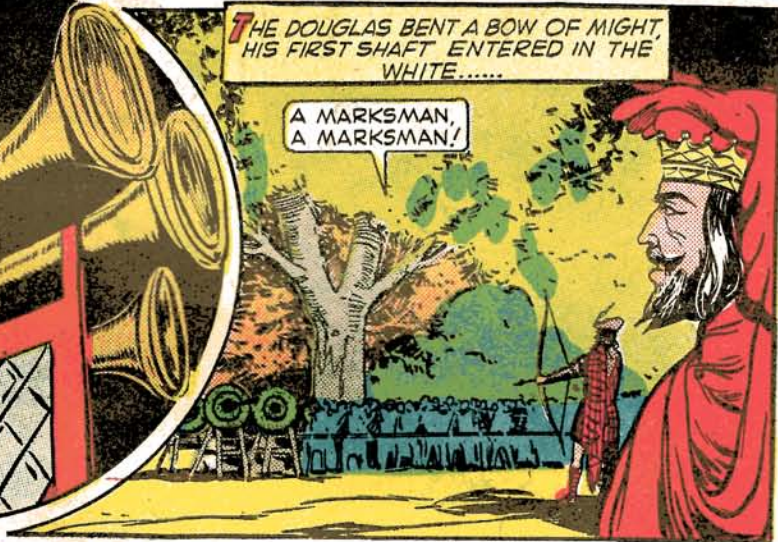
LONG LIVE THE
COMMONS' KING,
KING JAMES!

BUGLES CHALLENGE ALL
THAT WILL,
IN ARCHERY TO PROVE
THEIR SKILL.



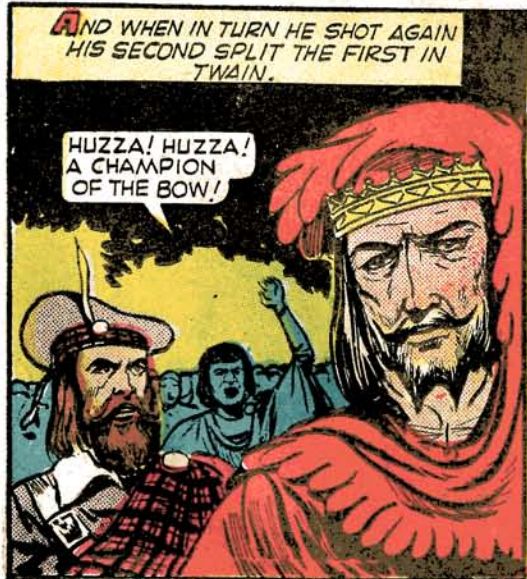
THE DOUGLAS BENT A BOW OF MIGHT,
HIS FIRST SHAFT ENTERED IN THE
WHITE.....

A MARKSMAN,
A MARKSMAN!



AND WHEN IN TURN HE SHOT AGAIN
HIS SECOND SPLIT THE FIRST IN
TWIN.

HUZZA! HUZZA!
A CHAMPION
OF THE BOW!



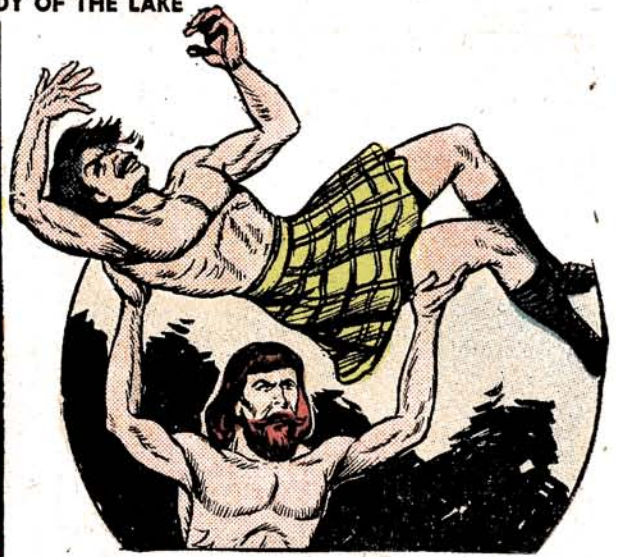
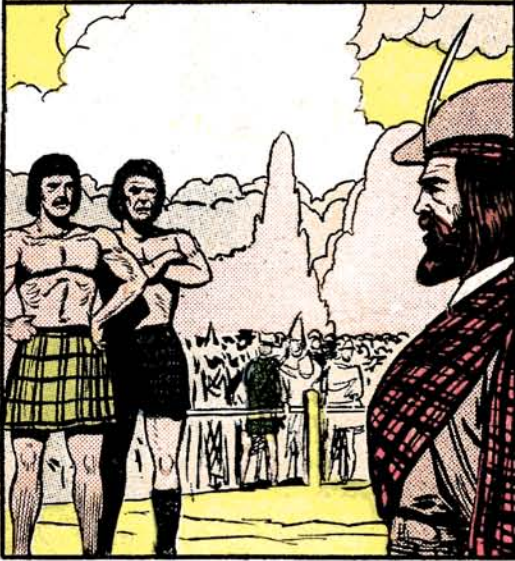
FROM THE KING'S HAND MUST DOUGLAS TAKE
A SILVER DART, THE ARCHER'S STAKE,
INDIFFERENT AS TO ARCHER WIGHT,*
THE MONARCH GAVE THE ARROW BRIGHT.



* PROWESS

THE LADY OF THE LAKE

NOW CLEAR THE RING! FOR, HAND TO HAND,
THE MANLY WRESTLERS TAKE THEIR STAND.
TWO O'ER THE REST SUPERIOR ROSE,
AND PROUD DEMANDED MIGHTIER FOES,
NOR CALLED IN VAIN, FOR DOUGLAS CAME.



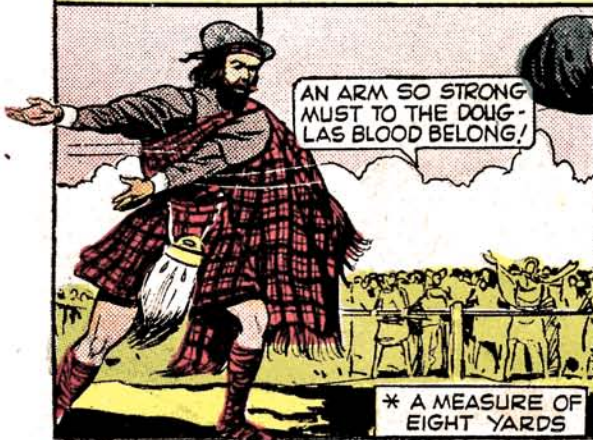
DOUGLAS WOULD SPEAK, BUT IN HIS BREAST
HIS STRUGGLING SOUL HIS WORDS SUPPRESS'D
INDIGNANT THEN HE TURN'D HIM WHERE
THEIR ARMS THE BRAWNY YEOMEN BARE,
TO HURL THE MASSIVE BAR IN AIR.

PRIZE OF THE WRESTLING MATCH, THE KING
TO DOUGLAS GAVE A GOLDEN RING,
WHILE COLDLY GLANCED HIS EYE OF BLUE
AS 'FROZEN DROP OF WINTRY DEW.



WHEN EACH HIS LITMOST STRENGTH HAD SHOWN,
THE DOUGLAS RENT AN EARTH-FAST STONE
FROM ITS DEEP BED, THEN HEAVED IT HIGH,
AND SENT THE FRAGMENT THROUGH THE SKY,
A ROOD* BEYOND THE FARTHEST MARK...

THE VALE WITH LOUD APPLAUSES RANG
THE LADIES' ROCK SENT BACK THE CLANG.
THE KING, WITH LOOK UNMOV'D, BESTOW'D
A PURSE WELL FILLED WITH PIECES BROAD.



AN ARM SO STRONG
MUST TO THE DOUG-
LAS BLOOD BELONG!

* A MEASURE OF
EIGHT YARDS

GREAT CHAMPION
OF THE DAY!

IT IS THE DOUGLAS,
WHOM THE KING
ONCE BANISHED!



'TIS DOUGLAS,
EVEN HE!

INDIGNANT SMILED THE DOUGLAS PROUD,
AND THREW THE GOLD AMONG THE CROWD.

CLASSICS Illustrated.

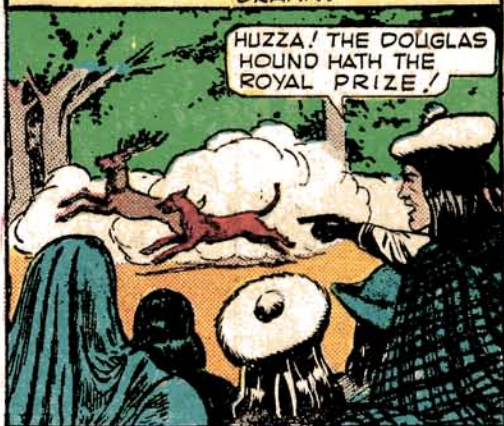
THE MONARCH SAW THE GAMBOL'S FLAG,
AND BADE LET LOOSE THE GALLANT STAG,
WHOSE PRIDE THE HOLIDAY TO CROWN,
TWO FAVORITE GREYHOUNDS SHOULD
PULL DOWN....



BUT LUFRA, WHOM, FROM DOUGLAS'S SIDE,
NOR BRIBE NOR THREAT COULD E'ER DIVIDE,
THE FLEETEST HOUND IN ALL THE NORTH,
BRAVE LUFRA SAW, AND DARTED FORTH.



SHE LEFT THE ROYAL HOUNDS MIDWAY,
AND DASHING ON THE ANTLER'D PREY,
SUNK HER SHARP MUZZLE IN HIS FLANK,
AND DEEP THE FLOWING LIFE-BLOOD
DRANK.



THE KING'S STOUT HUNTSMAN SAW THE SPORT
BY STRANGE INTRUDER BROKEN SHORT,
CAME UP, AND WITH HIS LEASH UNBOUND,
IN ANGER STRUCK THE NOBLE HOUND.....

THE BRUTE
STRIKES THE
DOUGLAS
HOUND!

'T IS AS IF HE STRUCK
THE DOUGLAS
DAUGHTER!



AS WAVES BEFORE THE BARK DIVIDE,
THE CROWD GAVE WAY BEFORE HIS STRIDE;
NEEDS BUT A BUFFET AND NO MORE,
THE GROOM LIES SENSELESS IN HIS GORE,
SUCH BLOW NO OTHER HAND COULD DEAL,
THOUGH GAUNTLETED IN GLOVE OF STEEL.



SHALL A MONARCH'S PRESENCE BROOK
INJURIOUS BLOW AND HAUGHTY LOOK?
WHAT, HO! THE CAPTAIN OF OUR GUARD!
BREAK OFF THE SPORTS! AND BID OUR
HORSEMEN CLEAR THE GROUND!



THE LADY OF THE LAKE

THEN UPROAR WILD AND MISARRAY
MARR'D THE FAIR FORM OF FESTAL DAY.
THE HORSEMEN PRICK'D AMONG THE CROWD,
REPELL'D BY THREATS AND INSULT LOUD;
WITH FLINT, WITH SHAFT, WITH STAFF WITH BAR,
THE HARDIER URGE TUMULTUOUS WAR.



SIR JOHN OF HYNDFORD! 'T WAS MY BLADE
THAT KNIGHTHOOD ON THY SHOULDER LAID;
FOR THAT GOOD DEED, PERMIT ME THEN
A WORD WITH THESE MISGUIDED MEN.



HEAR, GENTLE FRIENDS, ERE YET FOR ME,
YE BREAK THE BANDS OF FEALTY.
O NO! BELIEVE IN YONDER TOWER
IT WILL NOT SOOTHE MY CAPTIVE HOUR,
TO KNOW THOSE SPEARS OUR FOES
SHOULD DREAD,
FOR ME IN KINDRED GORE ARE RED.



THE CROWD'S WILD FURY SUNK AGAIN
IN TEARS, AS TEMPESTS MELT IN RAIN.

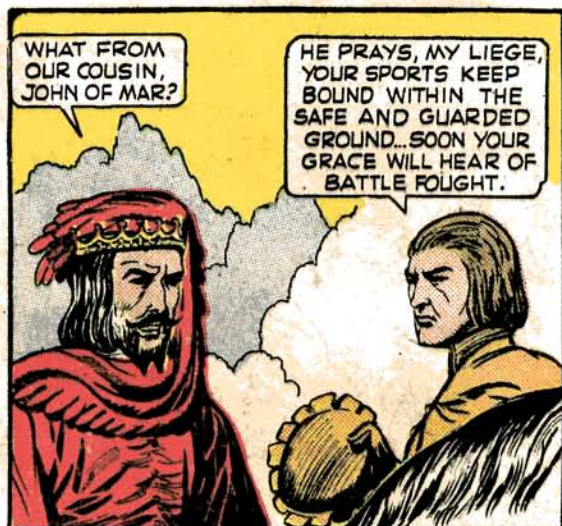
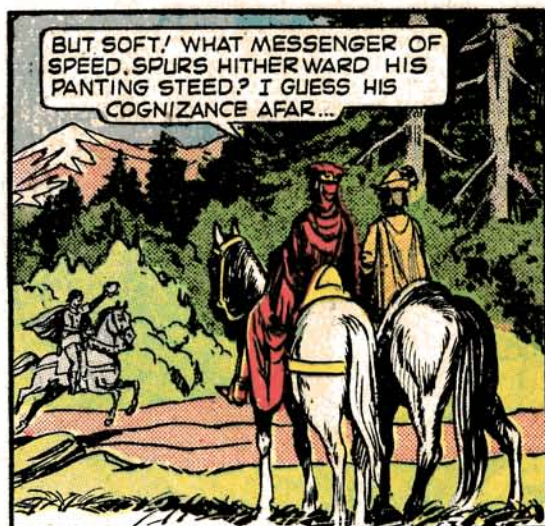
O, LET YOUR PATIENCE
WARD SUCH ILL, AND KEEP
YOUR RIGHT TO LOVE ME
STILL!



EVEN THE ROUGH SOLDIER'S HEART WAS
MOVED;
AS, WITH TRAILING ARMS AND DROOPING
HEAD,
THE DOUGLAS UP THE HILL HE LED,
AND AT THE CASTLE'S BATTLED VERGE,
WITH SIGHS RESIGN'D HIS HONORED
CHARGE.



CLASSICS Illustrated



THE LADY OF THE LAKE

AT DAWN, THE TOWERS OF STIRLING RANG
WITH SOLDIER-STEP AND WEAPON-CLANG.

WHO COMES
HERE?

HERE'S OLD BERT-
RAM OF GHENT,
AND A MAID AND
MINSTREL WITH
HIM!



WHAT
NEWS?

I ONLY KNOW FROM NOON TILL EVE
WE FOUGHT WITH FOE, AS WILD
AND AS UNTAMEABLE AS THE
RUDE MOUNTAINS WHERE THEY
DWELL; ON BOTH SIDES, MUCH
BLOOD IS LOST, BUT NOT MUCH
SUCCESS CAN EITHER BOAST!



BUT WHENCE THY CAPTIVE FRIEND?
SUCH SPOIL! OLD DOST THOU WAX
AND WARS GROW SHARP; THOU NOW
HAST GLEE-MAIDEN AND HARP, GET
THEE AN APE AND TRUDGE THE LAND,
THE LEADER OF A JUGGLER BAND.

NO, COMRADE...NO SUCH
FORTUNE, MINE. AFTER THE
FIGHT, THESE SOUGHT OUR
LINE...AND HAVING AUDIENCE
WITH THE EARL, HE BADE
I BRING THEM HERE
WITH SPEED.



THE MAID'S NOT
BAD TO LOOK
UPON!

FOREBEAR YOUR
MIRTH AND RUDE
ALARM, FOR NONE
SHALL DO THEM
SHAME OR HARM!

HEAR YE
HIS
BOAST?



I'LL HAVE MY SHARE
HOWE'ER IT BE, DE-
SPITE OF MORAY,
THE EARL, OR THEE!



WILLAN, THOUGH UNFIT FOR STRIFE,
LAID HOLD UPON HIS DAGGER-KNIFE...
BUT ELLEN BOLDLY STEPP'D BETWEEN
AND DROPP'D AT ONCE THE TARTAN SCREEN

BOLDLY SHE SPOKE...

SOLDIERS, ATTEND! MY
FATHER WAS THE SOLDIER'S
FRIEND, CHEER'D HIM IN
CAMPS, IN MARCHES LED,
AND WITH HIM IN THE BATTLE
BLED, NOT FROM THE VALIANT
OR THE STRONG SHOULD
EXILE'S DAUGHTER SUFFER
WRONG.

I SHAME
ME OF THE
PART I
PLAYED





HEAR ME, MY MATES, I GO TO CALL THE CAPTAIN OF OUR WATCH TO HALL; THERE LIES MY HALBERD* ON THE FLOOR; AND HE THAT STEPS MY HALBERD O'ER, TO DO THE MAID INJURIOUS PART, MY SHAFT SHALL QUIVER IN HIS HEART! YE ALL KNOW JOHN DE BRENT, ENOUGH!

* BATTLE-AXE

BEHOLD, TO BACK MY SUIT, A RING, THE ROYAL PLEDGE OF GRATEFUL CLAIMS, GIVEN BY THE MONARCH TO FITZ-JAMES!



THE SIGNET RING YOUNG LEWIS TOOK, WITH DEEP RESPECT AND ALTER'D LOOK.....

BUT, ERE SHE FOLLOW'D, WITH THE GRACE AND OPEN BOUNTY OF HER RACE, SHE BADE HER SLENDER PURSE BE SHARED AMONG THE SOLDIERS OF THE GUARD.



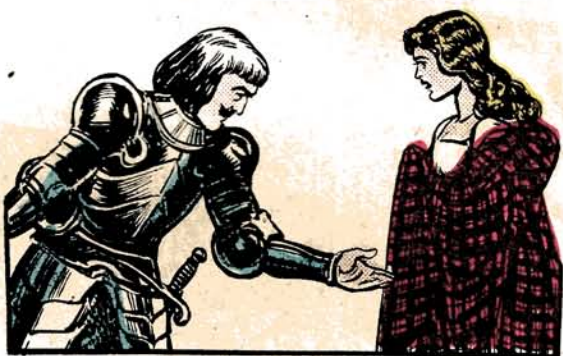
THEIR CAPTAIN CAME, A GALLANT YOUNG...

WELCOME TO STIRLING TOWERS, FAIR MAID. COME YE TO SEEK A CHAMPION'S AID?



O, WHAT HAVE I TO DO WITH PRIDE!...I CRAVE AN AUDIENCE OF THE KING.

SOON AS THE DAY FLINGS WIDE HIS GATES, THE KING SHALL KNOW WHAT SUITOR WAITS. PLEASE YOU, MEANWHILE, IN A FITTING BOWER, REPOSE YOU TILL HIS WAKING HOUR; FEMALE ATTENDANCE SHALL OBEY FOR SERVICE OR ARRAY, PERMIT I MARCH-SHAL YOU THE WAY.



BUT BRENT, WITH SHY AND AWKWARD LOOK, ON THE RELUCTANT MAIDEN'S HOLD, FORCED BLUNTLY BACK THE PROFFER'D GOLD...

THE VACANT PURSE SHALL BE MY SHARE, WHICH IN MY BARRETT-CAP I'LL BEAR.



THE LADY OF THE LAKE

WHEN ELLEN FORTH WITH LEWIS WENT,
ALLAN MADE SUIT TO JOHN OF BRENT...

MY LADY SAFE, O LET
YOUR GRACE GIVE ME
TO SEE MY MASTER'S
FACE! HIS MINSTREL
I --- TO SHARE HIS
DOOM, BOUND FROM
THE CRADLE TO THE
TOMB.

COME, GOOD
OLD MINSTREL,
FOLLOW ME;
THY LORD AND
CHIEFTAIN
SHALT THOU
SEE.



PORTALS THEY PASSED, WHERE
DEEP WITHIN,
SPOKE PRISONER'S MOAN AND
FETTERS'DIN...

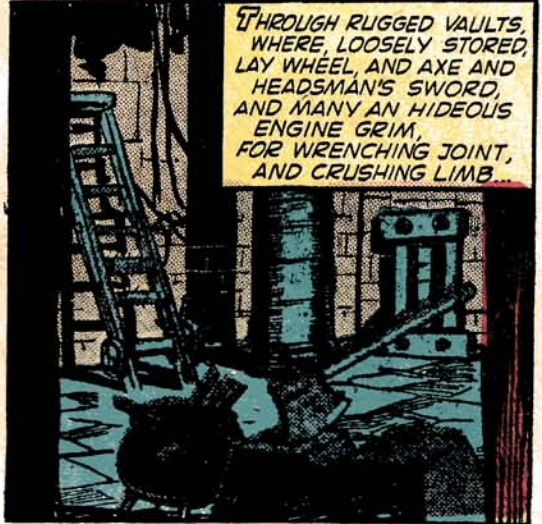
O LORD,
I DIE OF
WOUNDS!
I DIE OF
THIRST!



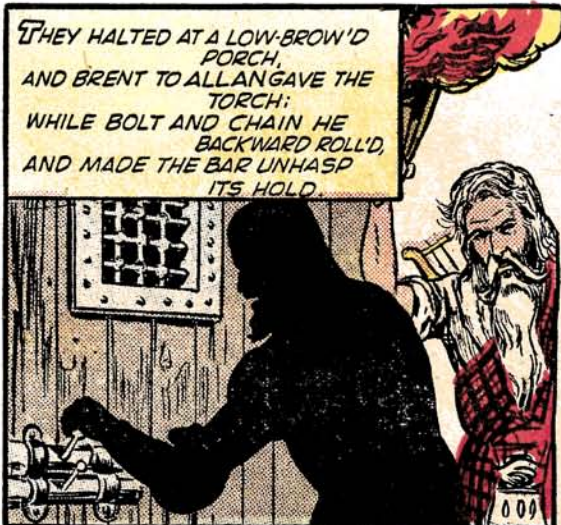
THEN FROM A RUSTED IRON HOOK,
A BUNCH OF PONDEROUS KEYS HE TOOK,
LIGHTED A TORCH AND ALLAN LED
THROUGH GRATED ARCH AND PASSAGE DREAD.



THROUGH RUGGED VAULTS,
WHERE LOOSELY STORED,
LAY WHEEL, AND AXE AND
HEADSMAN'S SWORD,
AND MANY AN HIDEOUS
ENGINE GRIM,
FOR WRENCHING JOINT,
AND CRUSHING LIMB...



THEY HALTED AT A LOW-BROW'D
PORCH,
AND BRENT TO ALLAN GAVE THE
TORCH;
WHILE BOLT AND CHAIN HE
BACKWARD ROLL'D,
AND MADE THE BAR UNHASP
ITS HOLD.



THEY ENTER'D... 'T WAS A PRISON ROOM
OF STERN SECURITY AND GLOOM,
YET NOT A DUNGEON; FOR THE DAY
THROUGH LOFTY GRATINGS FOUND ITS WAY.

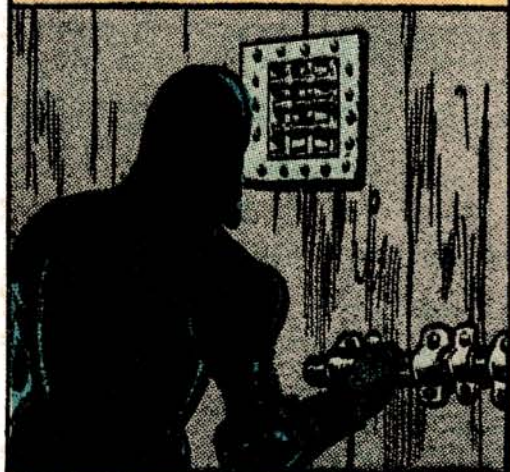
HERE THOU MAYEST REMAIN
TILL THE LEECH* VISIT HIM
AGAIN. STRICT IS HIS CHARGE,
THE WARDERS TELL TO TEND
THE NOBLE PRISONER WELL.



*OLD FASHIONED DOCTOR
WHO CURED BY BLEED-
ING THE PATIENT.

CLASSICS Illustrated

RETIRING THEN, THE BOLT HE DREW,
AND THE LOCK'S MURMURS GROWL'D
ANEW.



ROUSED AT THE SOUND, FROM LOWLY BED
A CAPTIVE FEEBLY RAISED HIS HEAD;
THE WONDERING MINSTREL LOOK'D AND KNEW,
NOT HIS DEAR LORD, BUT RODERICK DHU!
FOR, COME FROM WHERE CLAN-ALPINE FOUGHT,
THEY, ERRING, DEEM'D THE CHIEF HE SOUGHT.



WHAT OF THE LADY?...OF
MY CLAN?...MY MOTHER
... DOUGLAS?... TELL ME
ALL! HAVE THEY BEEN
RUINED IN MY FALL?

O, CALM
THEE, CHIEF!

ELLEN IS
SAFE!

FOR THAT,
THANK
HEAVEN!



AND HOPES ARE FOR THE DOUGLAS
GIVEN; THE LADY MARGARET, TOO, IS
WELL; AND, FOR THY CLAN, ON FIELD
OR FELL, HAS NEVER HARP OF MINS-
TREL TOLD OF COMBAT FOUGHT SO
TRUE AND BOLD. THY STATELY PINE
IS YET UNBENT THOUGH MANY A
GOODLY BOUGH IS RENT.



THE CHIEFTAIN REARD
HIS FORM ON HIGH,
AND FEVER'S FIRE WAS
IN HIS EYE.....

HARK, MINSTREL,
I HAVE HEARD
THEE PLAY.....
FLING ME THE
PICTURE OF THE
FIGHT, WHEN MET
MY CLAN THE
SAXON MIGHT.



THE LADY OF THE LAKE

THE MINSTREL CAME ONCE MORE TO VIEW
THE EASTERN RIDGE OF BENVENUE...

HARK, THEN, WHILE I TELL
IN SONG, THE STORY OF
THE BATTLE.

"I SEE THE DAGGER-CREST OF MAR*
I SEE THE MORAY'S SILVER STAR*
WAVE O'er THE CLOUD OF SAXON WAR,
THAT UP THE LAKE COMES WINDING FAR!
THE LAKE IS PASS'D AND NOW THEY GAIN
A NARROW AND A BROKEN PLAIN,
BEFORE THE TROSACH'S RUGGED JAWS;
AND HERE THE HORSE AND SPEARMEN
PAUSE... WHILE TO EXPLORE THE
DANGEROUS GLEN,
DIVE THROUGH THE PASS THE ARCHER-
MEN."

THE LOWLAND
THIEVES!

THEY TOOK
OUR LAND!

"AT ONCE THERE ROSE SO WILD
A YELL
WITHIN THAT DARK AND NARROW
DELL,
AS ALL THE FIENDS, FROM HEAVEN
THAT FELL,
HAD PEAL'D THE BANNER-CRY OF
HELL!"

ADVANCE THE
PINE OF
RODERICK
DHU!

* EACH ARMY HAD
ITS OWN INSIGNIA



CLASSICS Illustrated

"FORTH FROM THE PASS IN TUMULT DRIVEN,
LIKE CHAFF BEFORE THE WIND OF HEAVEN,
THE ARCHERY APPEAR..."



ASK NO QUARTER, FOR
NONE WE GIVE! FOR-
WARD, MEN OF ALPINE!

"BEFORE THAT TIDE OF FLIGHT AND CHASE,
HOW SHALL IT KEEP ITS ROOTED PLACE,
THE SPEARMEN'S TWILIGHT WOOD?"

DOWN, DOWN, YOUR LANCES
DOWN!
BEAR BACK BOTH FRIEND
AND FOE!



"I HEARD THE LANCE'S SHIVERING
CRASH,
AS WHEN THE WHIRLWIND RENDS
THE ASH,
I HEARD THE BROADSWORD'S
DEADLY CLANG,
AS IF A HUNDRED ANVILS RANG!"



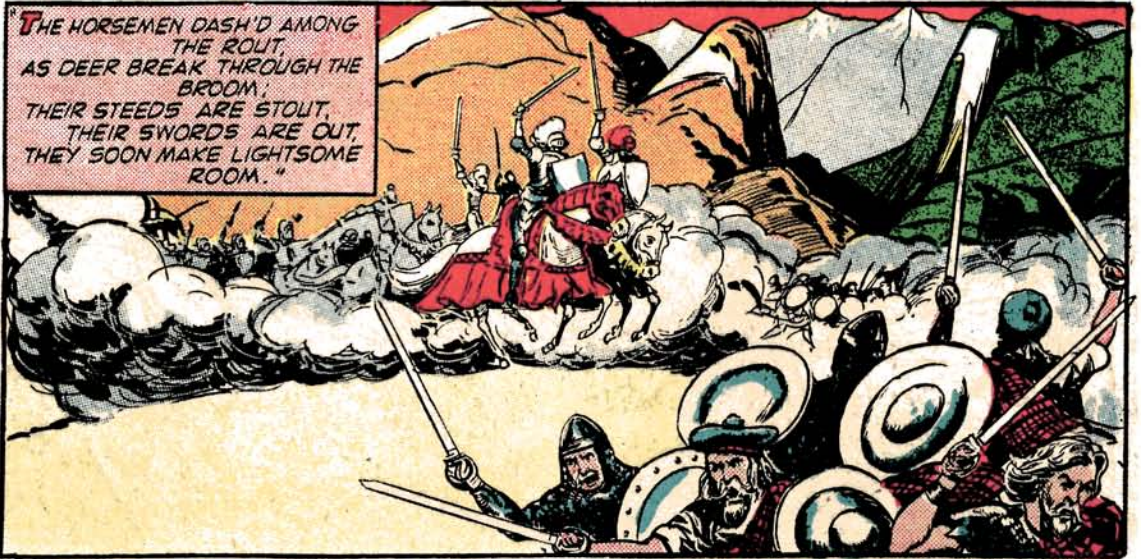
"BUT MORAY WHEELD HIS
REARWARD RANK
OF HORSEMEN ON CLAN-
ALPINE'S FLANK..."

MAY BANNER-MEN, ADVANCE! I SEE
THEIR COLUMN SHAKE. NOW, GAL-
LANTS, FOR YOUR LADIES SAKE..
UPON THEM WITH THE LANCE!

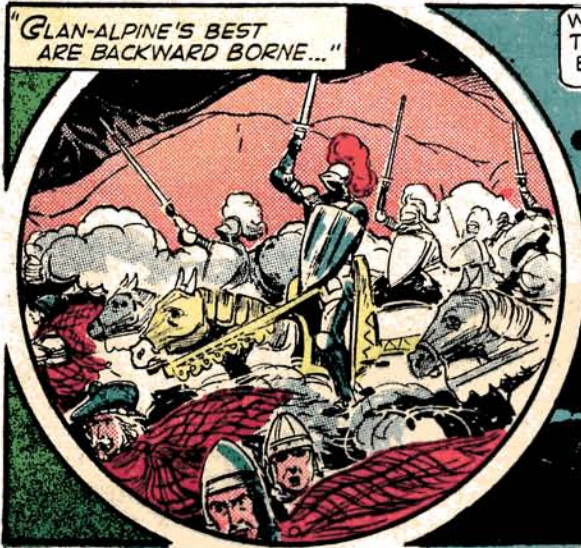


THE LADY OF THE LAKE

THE HORSEMEN DASH'D AMONG
THE ROUT,
AS DEER BREAK THROUGH THE
BROOM;
THEIR STEEDS ARE STOUT,
THEIR SWORDS ARE OUT,
THEY SOON MAKE LIGHTSOME
ROOM."

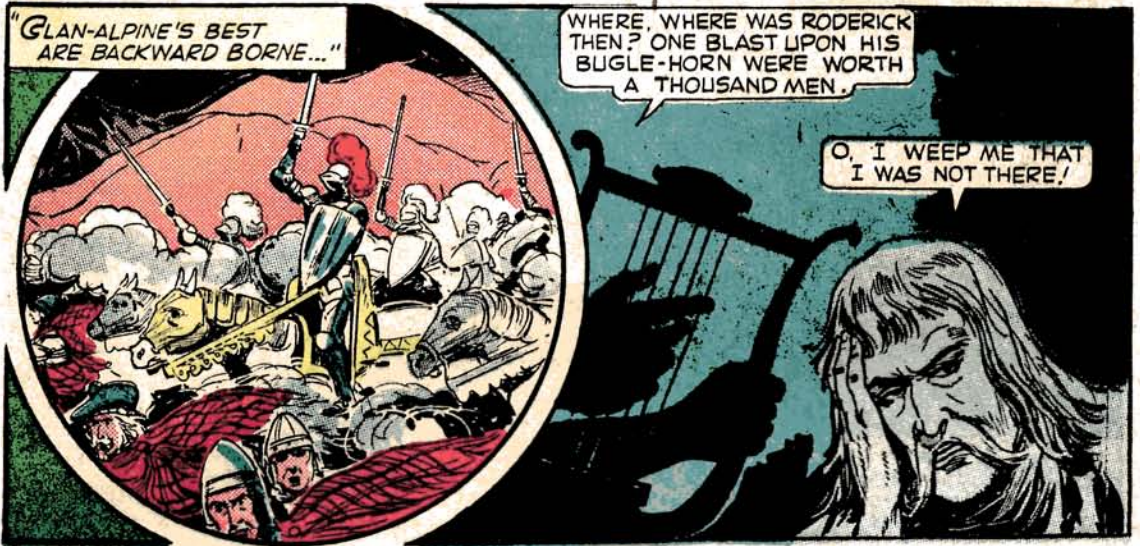


"GLAN-ALPINE'S BEST
ARE BACKWARD BORNE..."



WHERE, WHERE WAS RODERICK
THEN? ONE BLAST UPON HIS
BUGLE-HORN WERE WORTH
A THOUSAND MEN.

O, I WEEP ME THAT
I WAS NOT THERE!



BUT, HARK --- I HAVE
NOT FINISHED MY
SONG!



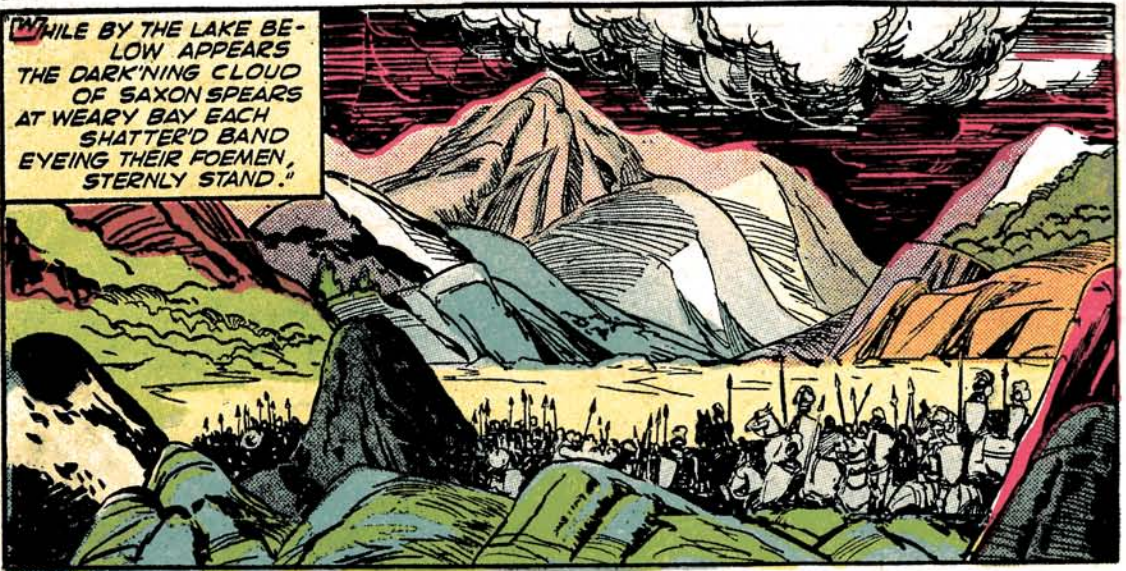
GOOD MINSTREL,
STRIKE THY HARP
AGAIN AND TELL
ME ALL!

"THE WORK OF FATE IS BEAR-
ING ON; ITS ISSUE WAIT,
WHERE THE RUDE TROSACH'S
DREAD DEFILE OPENS ON
KATRINE'S LAKE AND ISLE."



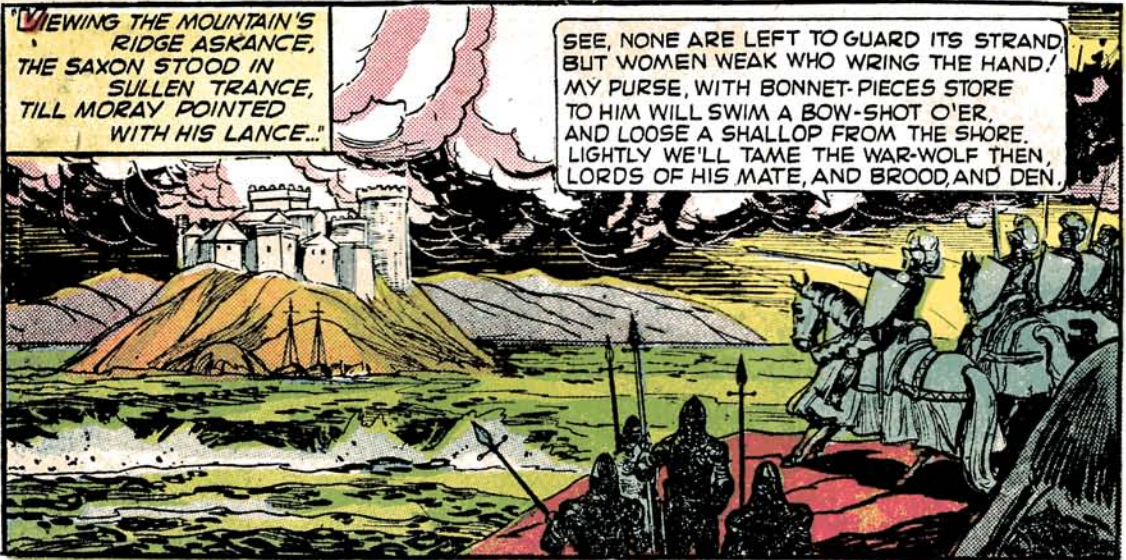
CLASSICS Illustrated

WHILE BY THE LAKE BE-
LOW APPEARS
THE DARK'NING CLOUD
OF SAXON SPEARS
AT WEARY BAY EACH
SHATTER'D BAND
EYEING THEIR FOEMEN,
STERNLY STAND."

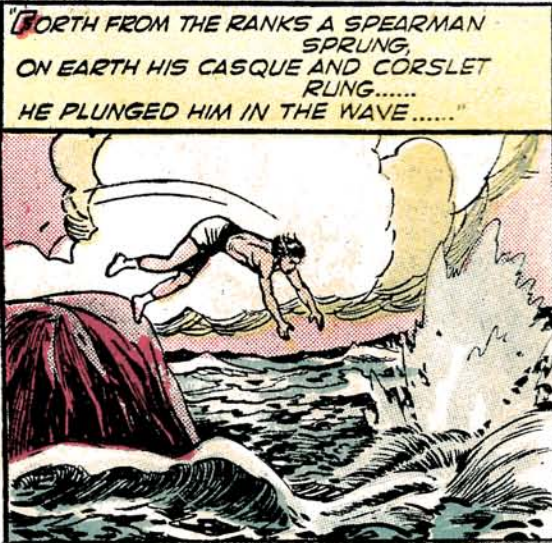


"VIEWING THE MOUNTAIN'S
RIDGE ASKANCE,
THE SAXON STOOD IN
SULLEN TRANCE,
TILL MORAY POINTED
WITH HIS LANCE..."

SEE, NONE ARE LEFT TO GUARD ITS STRAND
BUT WOMEN WEAK WHO WRING THE HAND!
MY PURSE, WITH BONNET-PIECES STORE
TO HIM WILL SWIM A BOW-SHOT O'ER,
AND LOOSE A SHALLOP FROM THE SHORE.
LIGHTLY WE'LL TAME THE WAR-WOLF THEN,
LORDS OF HIS MATE, AND BROOD, AND DEN.



"FORTH FROM THE RANKS A SPEARMAN
SPRUNG,
ON EARTH HIS CASQUE AND CORSLET
RUNG.....
HE PLUNGED HIM IN THE WAVE....."

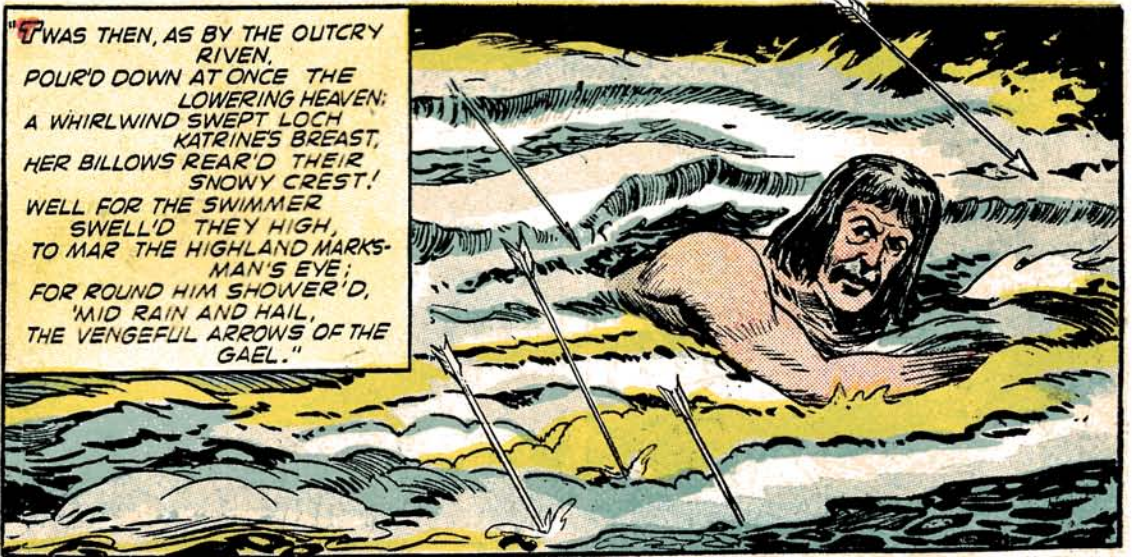


"THE SAXON SHOUT, THEIR MATE
TO CHEER,
THE HELPLESS FEMALE SCREAMS
FOR FEAR,
AND YELLS FOR RAGE THE
MOUNTAINEER."



THE LADY OF THE LAKE

"T WAS THEN, AS BY THE OUTCRY
RIVEN,
POUR'D DOWN AT ONCE THE
LOWERING HEAVEN;
A WHIRLWIND SWEEP LOCH
KATRINE'S BREAST,
HER BILLOWS REAR'D THEIR
SNOWY CREST!
WELL FOR THE SWIMMER
SWELL'D THEY HIGH,
TO MAR THE HIGHLAND MARKS-
MAN'S EYE;
FOR ROUND HIM SHOWER'D,
'MID RAIN AND HAIL,
THE VENGEFUL ARROWS OF THE
GAEL."



"UN VAIN, HE NEARS THE ISLE... AND LO!
HIS HAND IS ON A SHALLOP'S BOW.
JUST THEN A FLASH OF LIGHTNING CAME,
IT TINGED THE WAVES AND STRAND
WITH FLAME;
I MARK'D DUNCRAGGAN'S WIDOW'D DAME,
BEHIND AN OAK I SAW HER STAND,
A NAKED DIRK GLEAM'D IN HER HAND..."



"T DARKEN'D --- BUT, AMID THE MOAN
OF WAVES, I HEARD A DYING GROAN!
ANOTHER FLASH! THE SPEARMAN FLOATS
A WELTERING CORSE BESIDE THE BOATS,
AND THE STERN MATRON OER HIM STOOD,
HER HAND AND DAGGER STREAMING BLOOD."



"REVENGE, REVENGE," THE SAXONS CRIED,
THE GAELS' EXULTANT SHOUT REPLIED.
DESPITE THE ELEMENTAL RAGE
AGAIN THEY HURRIED TO ENGAGE;
BUT, ERE THEY CLOSED IN DESPERATE FIGHT,
BLOODY WITH SPURRING CAME A KNIGHT..."

STAY THE CLASH!
I BRING A MESS-
AGE FROM KING
JAMES!



CLASSICS Illustrated

SPRUNG FROM HIS HORSE,
AND, FROM A CRAG,
WAVED 'TWIN'T THE HOSTS
A MILK WHITE FLAG.
CLARION AND TRUMPET BY
HIS SIDE
RUNG FORTH A TRUCE-
NOTE HIGH AND WIDE.."

A TRUCE, A TRUCE! IN
KING JAMES'S NAME,
FOR BRAVE DOUGLAS
AND RODERICK BOTH
ARE CAPTIVES!



BUT HERE THE LAY MADE SUDDEN STAND,
THE HARP ESCAPED THE MINSTREL'S HAND!

ENOUGH! I'LL
HEAR NO
MORE!



THUS, MOTIONLESS, AND MOANLESS, DREW
HIS PARTING BREATH, STOUT RODERICK DHU!

AND ART THOU COLD
AND LOWLY LAID, THY
FOEMAN'S DREAD,
THY PEOPLE'S AID?



EVEN THE WHILE, WITH BURSTING HEART,
REMAIND' IN LORDLY BOWER APART....

YOU ONLY
WAIT UPON
HIS GRACES
PLEASURE

ONLY AUDIENCE
WITH THE KING!

MY LADY, IS
THERE OUGHT
THOU WISHEST?



BUT SUDDEN, SEE SHE LIFTS HER HEAD!
THE WINDOW SEEKS WITH CAUTIOUS TREAD...

'T IS THE VOICE OF
MALCOLM GRAEME
COMING FROM SOME
DUNGEON WHERE
HE A CAPTIVE LIES!



THE LADY OF THE LAKE

AND, NOT FAR FROM WHERE ELLEN STOOD, MALCOLM IN HIS CELL DID BROOD...



MY HAWK IS TIRED OF PERCH AND HOOD; MY IDLE GREY-HOUND LOATHES HIS FOOD!

MY HORSE IS WEARY OF HIS STALL... AND I AM SICK OF CAPTIVE THRALL!"



HE TOO GRIEVES FOR MALCOLM.

I WISH I WERE AS I HAVE BEEN, HUNTING THE HART* IN FOREST GREEN... WITH BENDED BOW AND BLOODHOUND FREE, FOR THAT'S THE LIFE IS MEET FOR ME.



*DEER

I HATE TO LEARN THE EBB OF TIME, FROM YON DULL STEEPLE'S DROWSY CHIME...



NO MORE AT DAWNING MORN I RISE, AND SUN MYSELF IN ELLEN'S EYES... DRIVE THE FLEET DEER THE FOREST THROUGH AND HOMEWARD WEND WITH EVENING DEW..."



"A BLITHESOME WELCOME BLITHELY MEET,
AND LAY MY TROPHIES AT HER FEET."

ELLEN, THE PRIZE
OF THE HUNT
FOR THEE!



THAT LIFE IS LOST
TO LOVE AND ME!



WHEN LIGHT A FOOTSTEP STRUCK HER EAR,
AND SNOWDOUN'S GRACEFUL KNIGHT
WAS NEAR.

THE HEART-SICK LAY WAS HARDLY SAID,
THE LIST'NER HAD NOT TURN'D HER
HEAD,
IT TRICKLED STILL, THE STARTING
TEAR...



O WELCOME BRAVE
FITZ-JAMES! HOW
MAY AN ALMOST
ORPHAN MAID PAY
THE DEEP DEBT?

O SAY NOT SO!
TO ME NO GRATI-
TUDE YOU OWE.



NOT MINE, ALAS, THE BOON* TO
GIVE, AND BID THY NOBLE FATHER
LIVE; I CAN BUT BE THY GUIDE,
SWEET MAID, WITH SCOTLAND'S
KING THY SUIT TO AID.



* THE FAVOR

COME, ELLEN, COME! 'TIS MORE
THAN TIME; HE HOLDS HIS COURT
AT MORNING PRIME.



THE LADY OF THE LAKE

WITH BEATING HEART AND BOSOM WRING,
AS TO A BROTHER'S ARM SHE CLUNG.
GENTLY HE DRIED THE FALLING TEAR,
AND GENTLY WHISPER'D HOPE AND CHEER.



A FEW FAINT STEPS SHE FORWARD MADE,
THEN SLOW HER DROOPING HEAD SHE
RAISED,
AND FEARFUL ROUND THE PRESENCE
GAZED;
FOR HIM SHE SOUGHT, WHO OWN'D THIS
STATE,
THE DREADED PRINCE WHOSE WILL
WAS FATE.



MIDST FURS AND SILKS AND JEWELS SHEEN,
HE STOOD, IN SIMPLE LINCOLN GREEN,
THE CENTER OF THE GLITTERING RING,
AND SNOWDOUN'S KNIGHT IS SCOTLAND'S KING!



AS WREATH OF SNOW, ON MOUNTAIN-
BREAST,
SLIDES FROM THE ROCK THAT GAVE
IT REST,
POOR ELLEN GLIDED FROM HER
STAY,
AND AT THE MONARCH'S FEET SHE
LAY!



NO WORD HER CHOKING VOICE COM-
MANDS,
SHE SHOW'D THE RING ... SHE CLASP'D
HER HANDS.



GENTLY HE RAISED HER AND, THE WHILE,
CHECKED WITH A GLANCE THE CIRCLE'S SMILE!



CLASSICS Illustrated

GRACEFUL, BUT GRAVE, HER BROW HE KISS'D,
AND BADE HER TERROR BE DISMISS'D...

YES, FAIR--THE
WANDERING
POOR FITZ-
JAMES THE
FEALTY OF
SCOTLAND
CLAIMS. TO
HIM THY WOES,
THY WISHES
BRING. HE WILL
REDEEM HIS
SIGNET RING./



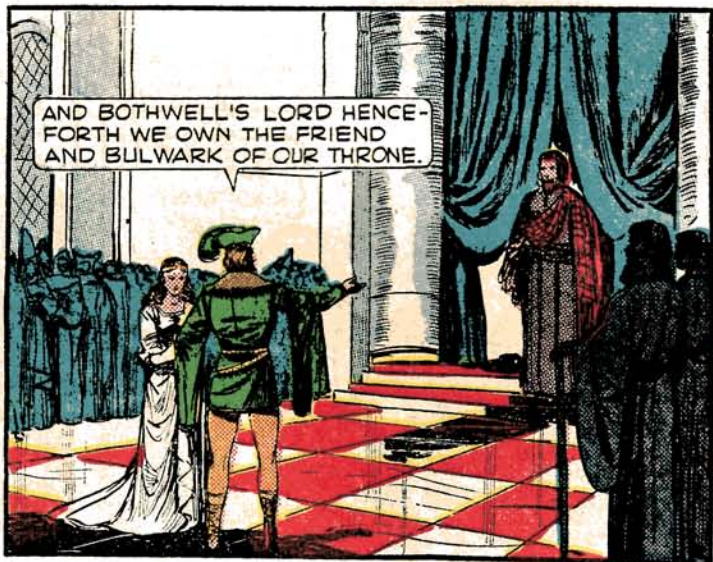
ASK NOUGHT FOR DOUGLAS...YESTER EVEN
HIS PRINCE AND HE HAVE MUCH FORGIVEN;
WRONG HATH HE HAD FROM SLANDEROUS
TONGUE, I, FROM HIS REBEL KINSMAN,
WRONG.



WE WOULD NOT TO THE VULGAR
CROWD YIELD WHAT THEY CRAVED
WITH CLAMOR LOUD; CALMLY
WE HEARD AND JUDGED HIS
CAUSE...OUR COUNCIL AIDED,
AND OUR LAWS.



AND BOTHWELL'S LORD HENCE-
FORTH WE OWN THE FRIEND
AND BULWARK OF OUR THRONE.



BUT, LOVELY INFIDEL,
HOW NOW? WHAT CLOUDS
THY MISBELIEVING BROW?
LORD JAMES OF DOUGLAS,
LEND THINE AID; THOU MUST
CONFIRM THIS DOUBTING
MAID.



THE LADY OF THE LAKE

THEN FORTH THE NOBLE DOUGLAS SPRUNG
AND ON HIS NECK HIS DAUGHTER HUNG.
THE MONARCH DRANK, THAT HAPPY HOUR,
THE SWEETEST, HOLIEST DRAUGHT OF POWER.



NAY, DOUGLAS, NAY, STEAL NOT MY
PROSELYTE AWAY!



YES, ELLEN, WHEN DISGUISED I STRAY
IN LIFE'S MORE LOW BUT HAPPIER WAY,
'TIS UNDER NAME WHICH VEILS MY
POWER, NOR FALSELY VEILS...FOR STIR-
LING'S TOWER OF YORE THE NAME OF
SNOWDOUN CLAIMS, AND NORMANS
CALL ME JAMES FITZ-JAMES.



THOU STILL DOST HOLD THAT LITTLE
TALISMAN OF GOLD, PLEDGE OF MY
FAITH, FITZ-JAMES' RING, WHAT SEEKS
FAIR ELLEN OF THE KING?



FULL WELL THE CONSCIOUS MAIDEN
GUESS'D
HE PROBED THE WEAKNESS OF HER
BREAST...
AND, TO HER GENEROUS FEELING TRUE,
SHE CRAVED THE GRACE OF RODERICK DHU.



FORBEAR THY SUIT, THE KING OF KINGS
ALONE CAN STAY LIFE'S PARTING WINGS.
MY FAIREST EARLDOM WOULD I GIVE
TO BID CLAN-ALPINE'S CHIEFTAIN LIVE.
HAST THOU NO OTHER BOON TO CRAVE?
NO OTHER CAPTIVE FRIEND TO SAVE?



CLASSICS Illustrated

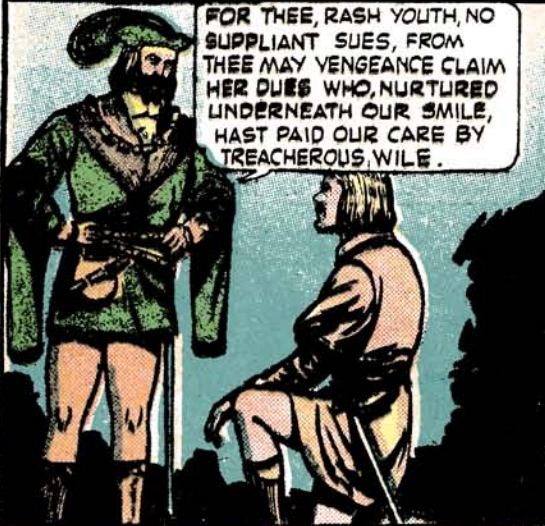
BLUSHING, SHE TURN'D HER FROM THE KING,
AND TO THE DOUGLAS GAVE THE RING,
AS IF SHE WISH'D HER SIRE TO SPEAK
THE SUIT THAT STAIN'D HER GLOWING CHEEK.

NAY, THEN, MY PLEDGE
HAS LOST ITS FORCE
AND STUBBORN JUSTICE
HOLDS HER COURSE. MAL-
COLM, COME FORTH!



FOR THEE, RASH YOUTH, NO
SUPPLIANT SUES, FROM
THEE MAY VENGEANCE CLAIM
HER DUES WHO, NURTURED
UNDERNEATH OUR SMILE,
HAST PAID OUR CARE BY
TREACHEROUS WILE.

DISHONORING THUS
THY LOYAL NAME,
FETTERS AND WARDER*
FOR THE GRAEME.



* CHAINS
* KEEPER

HIS CHAIN OF GOLD THE KING UNSTRUNG
THE LINKS O'ER MALCOLM'S NECK HE
FLUNG,
THEN GENTLY DREW THE GLITTERING
BAND,
AND LAID THE CLASP IN ELLEN'S HAND.

AND NOW THE MOUNTAIN BREEZES
SCARCELY BRING
A WANDERING WITCHNOTE OF THE
DISTANT SPELL..
AND NOW 'TIS SILENT ALL! ENCHANTRESS,
FARE THEE WELL!



The End

NOW THAT YOU HAVE READ THE CLASSICS Illustrated EDITION, DON'T
MISS THE ADDED ENJOYMENT OF READING THE ORIGINAL, OBTAINABLE
AT YOUR SCHOOL OR PUBLIC LIBRARY

SIR WALTER SCOTT

SIR WALTER SCOTT first saw the light of day at College Wynd, Edinburgh, Scotland, August 15, 1771.

When he was only eighteen months old, a childish fever cost Scott the full use of his right leg. But as Walter grew, he fought against this handicap. By swimming in the sea and taking other healthful exercises, he grew to be an active, out-of-doors fellow, and an expert horseman.

Young Walter's schooling was the sort that was available to Scottish boys of that day. He was sent to a private schoolmaster at a tender age. Then he was sent to high school in Edinburgh for five years, from 1778 to 1783. There, beside his book-learning, he made friendships that lasted throughout his life.

He still had a tutor at home and he went, as was the custom, to a separate school for writing and arithmetic. At the age of twelve, he had finished this limited "high school" and entered college at Edinburgh, where he remained for three years.

So, at the age of fifteen, young Walter Scott had finished his formal training. From early childhood, he had listened to old tales of Scottish romance and had heard old Scottish ballads sung. He now began collecting these old tales and ballads; he even made up tales of his own with which he entertained his friends.

Meanwhile, he was apprenticed to his father to study law, but on his business missions through the country, he was more concerned with visiting historical places, rich in Scottish lore, than he was with legal matters.

At the age of twenty, Scott was disappointed in love. Soon thereafter, in order to forget, he plunged into the organization of the Edinburgh Lighthorse Regiment, for which he wrote a spirited song. One morning, while he and a friend were out riding, they chanced to see a



beautiful, dark-haired girl also taking exercise in the saddle. Scott and his friend resolved to meet her. That night, attired in their regimental uniforms, both had the pleasure of dining and dancing with the sultry beauty, Miss Charlotte Carpenter. Scott won Charlotte's love and later married her.

By combining his income with that from his wife's inheritance, Scott, in 1808, rented a farm called Ashetiel. He also bought interest in the printing and publishing business of the Ballantynes and brought out his first long poem, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, for which he at once gained reputation as a poet. Spurred on by this success, Scott drew upon his vast store of Scottish legend and followed the *Lay* with such great poems as *Rokeby*, *Marmion*, and *The Lady of the Lake*. Scott's greatest success, however, came when he turned from poetry to prose and wrote the *Waverley Novels* which brought him such wealth that he was able to buy a large tract of land on the Tweed River and build a model estate which he called Abbotsford.

But the investments of the publishing firm were not sound. The firm collapsed and Scott, at the age of fifty-six, found himself saddled not only with his personal debts but also with those of the firm.

This reverse of fortune, however, brought out the finest qualities of Scott. He assumed full responsibility for debts he could easily have shunned and, in the next five years, worked feverishly to pay them off. He brought out novel after novel and nearly succeeded in clearing all accounts against the firm. But such labor drained off the last ounce of Scott's waning strength. On September 21, 1832, at the age of sixty-one, Sir Walter Scott died at Abbotsford.



FAMOUS OPERAS

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN

By Richard Wagner

THIS OPERA is based on the legend of a Dutch sea captain who once swore that, in spite of storms and contrary winds, he would go round the Cape of Good Hope. As a result of his impious vow, he was punished—condemned to sail the seas until the crack of Doom. Once in seven years, however, this "Flying Dutchman" was permitted to land. If he could find a maiden who would be faithful to him until death, she would relieve him of the curse.

We find the Dutchman, driven by a storm at sea, seeking shelter in the same harbor where Daland, a Norwegian sea captain, has been compelled to seek shelter. Daland strikes up a friendship with the Dutchman. He is very impressed with the Dutchman's seeming wealth and reveals the fact that he has a lovely daughter, Senta. As the two captains get to know each other, Daland takes a great liking for the Dutchman and consents to give him Senta in marriage.

In the meantime, Senta is at home, unaware of the fate that is awaiting her. She is surrounded by young girls who are busily spinning and singing. Wearied of their singing, she sits gazing thoughtfully upon a painting of the "Flying Dutchman" hanging upon the wall.

She tells her companions that she will sing a much better song than theirs, the ballad of the "Flying Dutchman."

Singing the mariner's cry of "Yo-ho," she then recounts the story of the "Flying Dutchman's" oath to sail around the Cape of Good Hope, his punishment and his possible salvation if he can find, anywhere on earth, a maiden who will be faithful to him till death. In a final burst, she reveals herself as the maiden who would save him from his unhappy fate.

Soon thereafter, her father returns home with the legendary sea captain. Senta immediately recognizes the stranger as the "Flying Dutchman." With a sudden clarity, she knows that she will have the task of saving him.

A great love springs up between them, and not long after, their wedding is announced.

Unknown to the Dutchman, Senta has had a youthful lover, Eric. He has been off on a journey, but upon returning, hears of Senta's approaching marriage. Eric sees her, calls her unfaithful and heaps reproaches upon her. The Dutchman happens to overhear the young man's unfortunate words and is struck by a terrible feeling of distrust for Senta. She has proved faithless to Eric; she will surely be unfaithful to him, a complete stranger.

The Dutchman hurriedly makes for his ship, boards it and sets sail to continue his eternal journey upon the seas. As he embarks, a terrifying storm arises.

Senta, realizing that her conversation has been overheard, breaks away from Eric. He and his friends try to restrain her, but her will to prove that she is worth the Dutchman's trust gives her strength.

Senta runs to a cliff, and as a last proof of her faithfulness, casts herself into the raging sea, crying, "Behold me! Faithful until death!"

With a sudden plunge, the Dutchman's phantom ship sinks to the bottom of the sea. The storm subsides; the raging sea immediately becomes calm. The curse of the "Flying Dutchman" has ended.

The figures of the redeemed Dutchman and the radiant Senta can be seen across the glow of sunset as they rise heavenward from the sea clasped in each other's arms.



PIONEERS OF SCIENCE

PYTHAGORAS

Discoverer of the Solar System

THE FIRST learned man to believe the world was round, a theory that was not to be proved for 2,000 years, was a Greek philosopher and mathematician named Pythagoras. He and his followers, called Pythagoreans, also believed in the transmigration of the soul, which means that the soul of a dead person passes into another person just born.

Pythagoras was born on the Island of Samos, Greece, in 584 B.C. He was born of aristocratic parents and was educated by the best teachers of the times, great men who earned their living by teaching the sons of nobility.

Pythagoras, upon reaching manhood, became one of the fine thinkers of the land. However, he could not stand the tyrannical rule of his king, Polycrates, and he migrated to Southern Italy, which was then known as Magna Graecia.

Settling in the city of Crotona, he gathered all the Greek intellectual people about him, and he formed a philosophical brotherhood which bore his name.

The Pythagoreans believed in simplicity, temperance, obedience, and self-restraint in the conduct of their daily lives and devoted much time to the study of numbers. They also were firm believers in magic. The society, and Pythagoras in particular, enriched the world's knowledge in astronomy, mathematics and philosophy.

To Pythagoras goes the honor of first proving two fundamental propositions of geometry. One of these, known as the 47th proposition in Euclid, deals with right angled triangles. The theorem, or statement to be proven is: the square (the number times itself) on the hypotenuse (the side opposite the right angle) is equal to the sum of the squares on the other two sides.

The other proposition proves that the sum of the three angles of a triangle equals two right angles. The solution is simple enough when all the necessary preliminaries are proved, but its demonstration, with

that of its necessary preliminaries, proves that Pythagoras was a very brilliant reasoner.

It is remarkable that two thousand years before Columbus set sail to prove that the world was round, and in an age when people believed in myths and worshiped idols and were slaves to superstition, that a man was able to discover the true explanation of our solar system. Pythagoras' studies were passed on, centuries later, to other great scholars, and the truth about the earth's roundness, and the way it rotates, was discovered.

The Pythagorean brotherhood attracted learned men from all over the civilized world, but at the same time, it received the hatred of the common people who looked with suspicion upon these learned aristocrats. There was a political uprising of the common people throughout the land. The Pythagorean brothers were slaughtered and burned in their meeting places.

History has not recorded whether Pythagoras met the same fate as did most of his followers, or whether he was able, as some historians believe, to escape to Metapontum (a city in ancient Greece), before the massacres began.

But whether Pythagoras came to an untimely end, or lived to a ripe old age, is incidental. For the biographies of great people prove greatness is measured not by how long a man lived, or how much wealth he amassed, or how many countries he subjugated, but to what extent he aided mankind, and how much he helped civilization on its forward march. Some of our greatest men lived short, poverty-ridden lives, but their names will be remembered long after the names of multi-millionaires and conquerors are forgotten.

Pythagoras' contributions, and those of his followers, are everlasting, and the world has been enriched by their discoveries and observations in the fields of mathematics, astronomy and theology.



DOG HEROES "CHUBBY," A MONGREL

ASK ANY true dog-fancier the breed of dog which is wisest or bravest and he will tell you that no one breed has a monopoly on wisdom or courage. In fact, sometimes the backyard mongrel, or so-called lovable mutt, has much better sense and far more plain guts than the pampered pet of the club coupé and garden party front lawn. Witness the history of Chubby, a mongrel that adopted the family of Mr. John Green, Willimantic, Connecticut, and became the special pet and companion of Jackie Green, aged 3.

From the time that he entered the Green household, Chubby became the self-appointed bodyguard to the youngster. Wherever little Jackie wandered under the watchful eye of his mother, there trailed Chubby. But, like the adventuresome child of his years, Jackie one day spied the backyard gate wide open when his mother was busy and he scampered through it. Behind him followed the rollicking young Chubby as Jackie fled across the neighboring meadow.

Jackie enjoyed the freedom of the wide meadow and he paid no heed to the dog at his heels as Chubby barked a warning. Laughing gaily, Jackie climbed the hill leading from the meadow. Far off, a train, the Boston-to-Hartford express, blew a mournful warning. Alert, the young dog seized at its master's snowsuit and attempted to dissuade Jackie from crossing the tracks, but Jackie pulled away from the dog and, exulting in this new freedom from a backyard, made his way up the hill. Realizing he had a job to do, Chubby followed after his young master, trying to secure a firm grip on the seat of the snowsuit. Jackie probably thought that Chubby was playing a new game for he kept pulling free of his dog, and making for



the tracks.

Engineer S. A. Whyenott, peering from the cab of his express, was horrified when he saw the struggle going on right in the pathway of his train. At that moment, the train was rocketing along at better than seventy-five miles an hour. The engineer prayed as he saw the dog tugging at Jackie's clothes. He prayed

that the dog would succeed in pulling the boy from the tracks or that he would be successful in stopping his train in time. He applied his brakes desperately, and the Boston to Hartford express shuddered its long length as it inched toward the two struggling figures. It came to a dead stop only twenty-five feet away from the laughing child and the earnest, faithful dog that would not abandon its young master in the face of certain destruction.

Afterward, Engineer S. A. Whyenott said that it was the movement of the dog and the child that aroused his attention. It is conceded that had not Chubby been along, the youngster may well have been killed.

When the train did come to a halt, Jackie and his brave dog, Chubby, were placed in the cab of the train and taken to the Willimantic police station. There they found that Mrs. Green was anxiously looking for the adventuresome child who found the backyard gate wide open, and took off to meet the challenge of adventure that stirs all young folks in snowsuits.

This is just another story of heroic dogs who have proven their worth in intelligence and service and bravery when given their rightful place in a household. Chubby lived up to his assigned task as the guardian and bodyguard of little Jackie Green and became the hero of Willimantic, Connecticut.



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